

FOOTBALL
KICKOFF ISSUE

SUMMER OLYMPICS PREVIEW

SPORT

OCT. 1988
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FOOTBALL POWER PACKAGE

**NFL OF THE NINETIES:
BLITZ IS OUT, QUICK IS IN**

**BUFFALO'S TWIN TRUCKS:
CORNELIUS BENNETT &
SHANE CONLAN**

**LOOK OUT, SWC:
TEXAS LONGHORNS
ARE BACK ON THE HOOF**

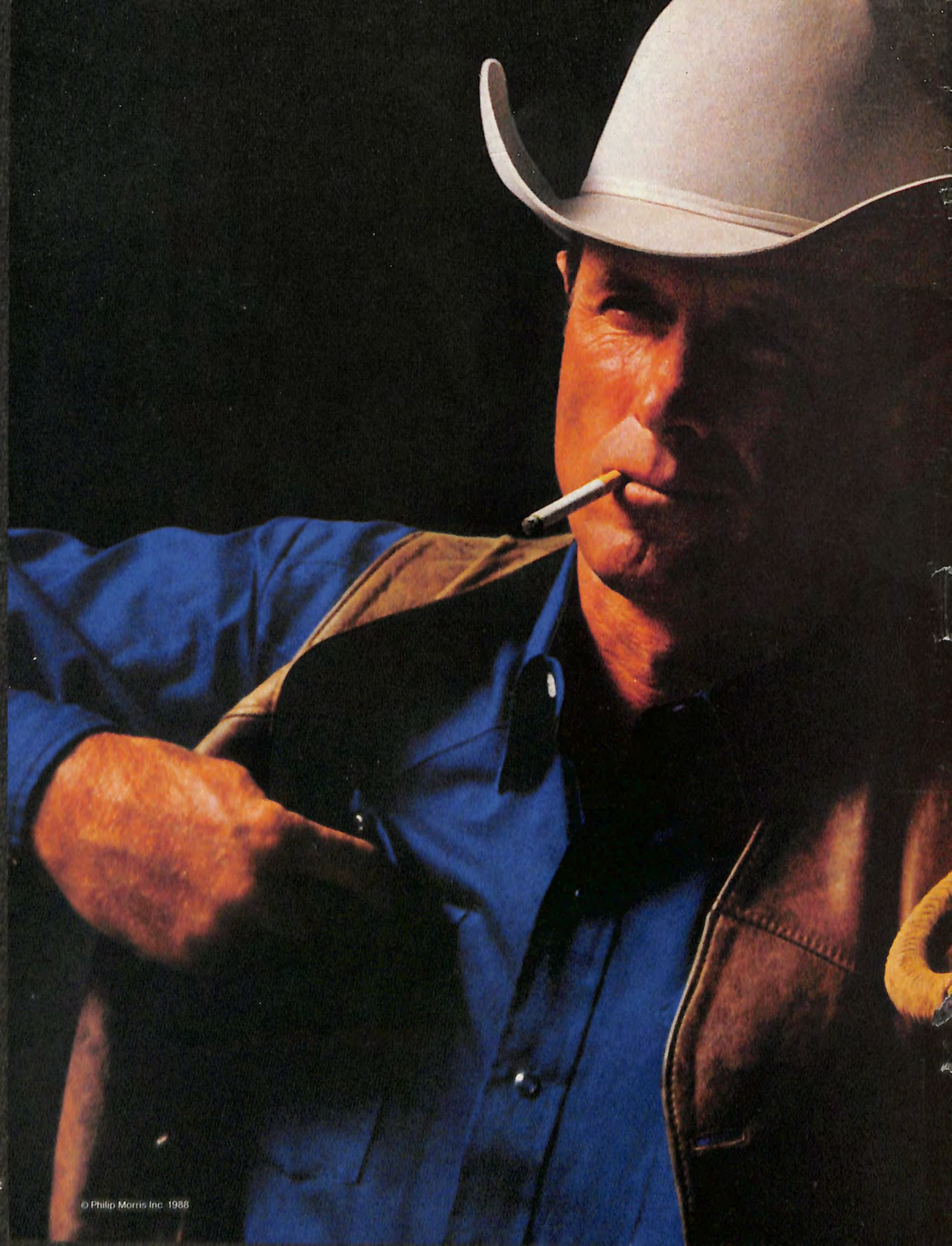
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FANFARE

WRITTEN IN STONE

The NFL Preview issue (August) is my favorite of each year. Hats off to Kevin Lamb for providing a great article on the 1988 season.

Matt Hanson
Spencer, Massachusetts

The numeric graphics that accompanied "The 1988 NFL Preview" appear to portray team rankings as numbers written in stone. It took some real guts to do that kind of predicting, especially when placing the Eagles in first in the NFC East. With some more imagination these graphics can also be seen as numbers outlined in sand, which may prove to be even more prophetic.

J.R. Francoville
Long Beach, California

We were surprised to find such biased reporting in your 1988 NFL Preview. Kevin Lamb's opinions were nothing short of insulting to the Washington Redskins. For Lamb to insinuate that the Redskins won Super Bowls XVII and XXII because they were strike seasons is ludicrous. And to try to use the past four Super Bowl winners as examples of teams who "among them have won zero playoff games since their championships, and they were all better than the '87 Redskins" is pointless. Let's go back *five* Super Bowls. The Redskins are the *only* champions to have not only one playoff win, but several. Yet according to Lamb the Chicago Bears "came as close to dominating pro football as any three year team since World War II." Wasn't it the Redskins who prevented the Bears from completing "their dynasty"? We were not surprised to read that Kevin Lamb reports on the NFL for the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

David and Jason Rizzo
Vienna, Virginia

DIE HARD

I just finished reading "Revenge of the Raiders" (August). How your magazine comes up with such entertaining writers is beyond me. Another one has been found now in Gary Mioreanu. Keep up the good work.

Harry Day
Burbank, California

I've been a Raiders rooter for almost 20 years. I've noticed people enjoy kicking my team when they're down and forgetting to praise them when they're up. Thanks for "Revenge of the Raiders."

Mark Jay Malin
Providence, Rhode Island

RALLY ROUND THE ROOKS

In "The Education of a Shortstop" (August) Jim Kaplan made Kevin Elster look lazy and egotistical. Elster has done an excellent job, considering all the pressure that has been put on him. He didn't make it to the majors because of his fashionable haircut and long eyelashes; he made it because of his natural talent and, most of all, because of his hard work. I think Mr. Kaplan should give Elster the credit he is due.

Susie Barrett
Armonk, New York

I'd like to congratulate Jim Kaplan on his article. Finally someone has realized that Walt Weiss and Kevin Elster have a lot of potential.

Mike Christner
Metairie, Louisiana

In the full page photograph of Walter Weiss that faces the first page of "The Education of a Shortstop" article, is that big, black gob he is so voraciously shoving into his mouth really the dead tarantula it so closely resembles?

John Hickey
Manchester, Connecticut

Yes. Walt is trying to kick his snuff habit.—Ed.

LEFTIES' RIGHTS

In his article on ambidextrous athletes (Sweat, August), John Akers says Larry Bird is right-handed. Ever watch him sign an autograph? He's lefthanded. Sorry to be so picky, but we lefties have to stick together.

Joan Scroggins
Centralia, Washington

You are right (correct), Bird writes (signs) and eats lefthanded, but he shoots mainly with his right (correct) hand.—Ed.

Argue with us, applaud us, advise us. Address your letters to Fanfare, SPORT, 8490 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90069.

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SPORT TALK

EDITED BY JOHN ROLFE

DO STUDENT-ATHLETES HAVE THE "RIGHT TO KNOW"? NCAA: ONLY IF THEY ASK

Two years after Proposition 48 made the legislation of higher academic standards for student-athletes a touchy issue, a storm is brewing over a bill now before Congress.

If passed, the Student-Athlete Right to Know Act will require colleges and universities to disclose annual graduation rates of student-athletes. The information would then be made available to high schools to help students choose universities that emphasize academic achievement. The bill's sponsors hope schools that do poorly in this area will be shamed into improvement.

"The information would act as a consumer report," says Brenda Pillors, legislative assistant to Representative Ed Towns (D-NY), one of the bill's sponsors. "A kid may attend one university if he sees that it is graduating more student-athletes than another."

Although the proposed law would not impose a minimum graduation rate or punitive sanctions, NCAA spokesman Jim Marchiony says, "I applaud the intent of the bill but this intrusion is uncalled for. If a student-athlete is interested in this information, he should ask his recruiter."

The Wong Guide to Sports Law

As increasing regulation continues to complicate college sports, Glenn Wong, a sports attorney, has authored *Essentials of Amateur Sports Law* (\$35.00, Auburn House Publishing Company), a 13-chapter book designed to help the layman make sense of a whirl of legal matters.

Essentials is mercifully free of terms like "whereas" and "pursuant to," but contains plenty of practical legal information on drug testing, contract law, injury lawsuits, sex discrimination, sports agents, media and the U.S. legal system. There's also a glossary of legal terms.

Two years ago, Wong co-authored a two-volume book, *Law and Business of the Sports Industries*, for the legal community. Many college athletic administrators expressed interest in the book and the field of sports law.

"Most of those people don't have a legal background," Wong says, "and needed something they could really use."

Wong emphasizes that his new book is intended only to help administrators, coaches and student-athletes grasp how legal issues affect them and what their rights and responsibilities are in each instance. Wong says he tried to avoid expressing opinions on issues or offering legal advice.—James Cholakis



STEVE DINNINO

NCAA executive director Dick Schultz adds, "A report showing 52 percent of a school's student-athletes graduated won't look like much unless it compares that rate to the entire student body, which may be only 48 percent. That information [which the bill asks for] is costly and time-consuming, so some institutions will oppose because of those factors."

The bill's sponsors say it could pass both houses by mid-October, unless strong opposition materializes. Still, Earl Clegghorn, assistant AD at Temple University, says

that as long as student-athletes want big-money pro careers, "they're not going to look at some chart. They want to know what a program's TV visibility is and what their chances of playing there are."

—John Rolfe

A MOVEMENT TO SAVE THE KNUCKLEBALL

Texas' Charlie Hough, 40, and Cleveland's Tom Candiotti, 31, are now the only remaining major leaguers who regularly throw the knuckleball. A handful of others use it strictly as a "show" pitch, but few hurlers are willing to experiment with the maddeningly unpredictable serve. Even if they wanted to, former knuckleball king Phil Niekro

points out, "Most organizations have no one to teach it."

Niekro hopes to remedy this by starting a school where pitchers can learn to throw the quirky pitch. The idea has the support of Hall-of-Famer Hoyt Wilhelm and Cardinals manager Whitey Herzog.

"Out of 70 minor league pitchers in your system, maybe only five are real prospects," says Herzog. "But if a couple could pick up the knuckler, you'll have more pitchers you can use."

The pitch is commonly considered as a last resort for veterans who have lost their fastball to age

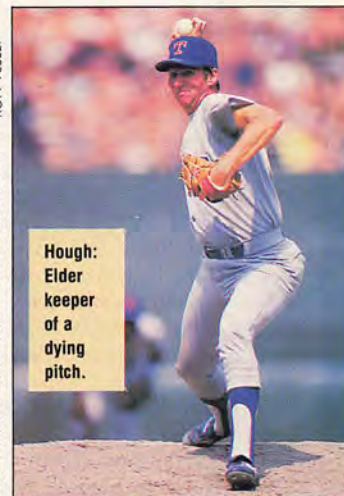
or arm woes. Cardinals pitcher Bob Forsch, however, complains, "It's such a hard pitch to throw over the plate."

Niekro says that the key to success with the pitch is commitment. "You have to put all else on the back burner," Wilhelm adds: "It's no good as an occasional pitch. You've got to stick to the fact you'll be a knuckleball pitcher."

It will be a year or so before most pitchers are given the opportunity to try their patience with the knuckler. Niekro's school is only in the discussion stage.

—George Castle

RON VESELY



Hough: Elder keeper of a dying pitch.

OLYMPIC MARATHONS ARE LIKELY TO PRODUCE HOT TIMES IN SEOUL TOWN

The men's and women's Olympic Marathons will present contestants with the unenviable task of running 26.2 miles through the muggy streets of Seoul, the site also of this summer's hotly contested Molotov Memorial Collegiate Bottle Toss. Handicapping each race, how-

Norway's Ingrid Kristiansen, who opted to run the 10,000 meters, and defending Olympic champion Joan Benoit-Samuelson, who recently succumbed to motherhood. With both would-be cofavorites out, three runners are now the class of the field.

Lisa Martin (Australia), our pick for the gold, dominated every race from 10 kilometers (6.2 miles) to 10 miles on the women's road race circuit in the U.S. over the last 18 months and ran the fastest time ever in a women-only marathon (2:23:51) in Osaka, Japan, last January. A former 400 meter hurdler, Martin has more pure speed than Portugal's **Rosa Mota**.

Mota, the 1987 world champion

by over seven minutes, easily won the last two Boston Marathons and is widely favored for the gold based on form and reputation: She's never run a bad race and

owns the fastest time (2:23:29) of anyone in this year's field. We still feel Martin's speed will decide the race.

Grete Waitz (Norway), the eight-time New York marathon champ and 1984 Olympic silver medalist, is still capable of a 2:27, making her a cut above the remaining contenders: **Zoya Ivanova** (USSR), **Carla Beurskens** (Netherlands), **Tuija Jousimaa** (Finland) and **Margaret Groos** (USA).

At press time, the men's marathon stood to lose Ethiopian world recordholder (2:06:50) **Belaine Densimo** to his country's decision to join North Korea's boycott. Yet the possibility of new stars emerging from Kenya, Tanzania and Japan makes the event worth watching.

Ibrahim Hussein (Kenya) won New York last year in 2:11:01, but appeared to lack speed. Then last April in Boston, Hussein left Tanzania's **Juma Ikangaa**, the



...but will likely be burned by Lisa Martin.

world's top-rated marathoner in 1986, gobbling his dust in the stretch. Final time: 2:08:43. Hussein is deceptively unflashy, but he wins, as he will here.

John Treacy (Ireland), the 1984 Olympic silver medalist, finished third in

Boston (2:09:15), but he'll be ready for this one. **Ahmed Salah** (Djibouti), owner of this field's best time (2:07:07) and runnerup at last year's world championships and at the Rotterdam marathon in April, will have to fend off challenges for a medal from **Ikangaa**, **Takeyuki Nakayama** (Japan), current world champ **Douglas Wakiihuri** (Kenya) and two still-vital stars of the not-too-recent past: Great Britain's **Steve Jones** and **Rob de Castella** of Australia.

Their presence, along with a truckload or two of riot police, will make this one a barn burner.

—Peter Gambaccini



Rosa Mota (center) is favored to smoke the field...

ever, will be relatively easy due to the absence of several prominent runners in each field.

The women's marathon, Seoul's opening event, has lost

A NEW TRACK FOR AN OLD RIVALRY

Oklahoma's gridiron rivalry with Nebraska has inflamed local passions for years while attracting national interest. Now thoroughbred racetracks in both states are hoping to cash in on that rivalry with an annual series of races appropriately dubbed The Big Red Challenge.

On July 17 at Blue Ribbon Downs in Sallisaw, Oklahoma, six Oklahoma bredreds met two Nebraska bredreds in a one mile race offering a purse of \$30,000. Oklahoma head coach Barry Switzer was on hand as was ex-Sooners Steve Owens, the 1969 Heisman Trophy winner.

After a kick, pass and punt competition was held on the

track, Lucky Salvation, an eight-year-old horse bred in Oklahoma but based in Nebraska won the featured race by three-and-three quarters lengths over South Akins, another Oklahoma bred. The Nebraska contingent managed to grab third and fourth place money, but will get a shot at revenge on October 15 when

the second leg of the series is run at Nebraska State Fair in Lincoln, home of the Cornhuskers.

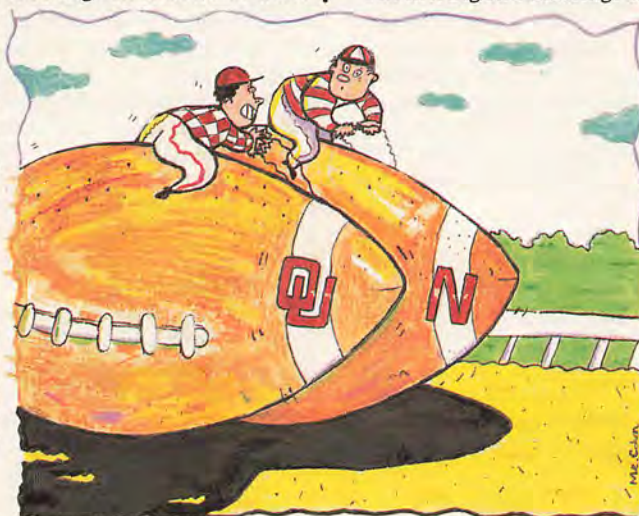
"The idea for these races was a natural," says Leo Scherer, operations assistant at Nebraska State Fair. "The series has the potential to develop into one of the real fine rivalries in racing."

The first Big Red Challenge at

Blue Ribbon attracted a crowd of 3,836 to the 3,500-seat, seven furlong track, but Scherer expects to do even better. The second leg will be run in the evening after Nebraska plays Oklahoma State in its homecoming game, and the Nebraska State Fair is within walking distance of Memorial Stadium. "We should attract a good portion of that crowd," he says. "We hope to have a bigger field for the race and to do something similar to what Oklahoma did by inviting former greats and representatives of the coaching staff."

If The Big Red Challenge catches on, it's a safe bet the idea will be expanded. "We're talking about including the rest of the Big Eight," says Kerry Eason, publicity coordinator for Blue Ribbon Downs. "We'd like to have a series where horses from Texas race horses from Oklahoma."

—Joe Beets



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A FORMER OLYMPIAN SPENDS HER TIME STRONG-ARMING THE ARIZONA WILDCATS

It is reasonable to assume that any coach whose resume resembles Meg Ritchie's will command respect. Ritchie, 35, a former Olympic shot put and discus thrower who competed for Great Britain in 1980 and '84, still owns the nine best discus tosses and the top eight shot put throws in NCAA Division-I history.

Yet when she was hired by her alma mater, the University of Arizona, for a position on the football team's coaching staff, the 5-9, 175-pound, Scotland-born Ritchie took no chances.

"I walked in and said, 'All right, I'm the head strength coach,'" she recalls, her voice generating as much menace as her gentle brogue will allow. "I told the players that if they didn't like the way we're going, then there was the door."

Not to worry. The Wildcats' players had been working with her on an informal basis while she served as assistant track coach at UA in 1984-85. It seems they didn't quite see eye-to-eye with the coach they had. These days

even the school's basketball and baseball coaches are consulting with her on a daily basis.

The ease with which Ritchie has been accepted at Arizona is due partly to her ability to

ly had hair on them.

"I threw shot and discus from 1972 to 1984," she says. "During all of that time, I did a lot of strength training. I knew I'd have to be strong."



Meg Ritchie, UA's strength coach, keeps players pumping.

feel at home in a predominantly male environment. As a child, she played field hockey against boys and often trained with them. Then, while teaching, she began a career in two field events that have traditional-

ly had hair on them. She was. Ritchie won seven national titles while competing for UA and fell 3.5 inches shy of a bronze medal in discus at the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles.

"I was very disappointed in my performance there," she says.

"But after 12 years of competing, I was burned out. I've found [now] that I love coaching. It's right up my street."

Ritchie has had little trouble selling head coach Dick Tomey on her conditioning programs, which emphasize total body training but also focus specifically on strengthening the back and legs. It seems the worst gripes are coming from NFL scouts.

"They're still hung up on the bench press," grouses Ritchie, who proudly points out that several of her former charges were toiling in NFL camps this summer, including Cowboys linebacker Boomer Gibson, Packers safety Chuck Cecil and Eagles linebacker Byron Evans.

Ritchie admits that her status as the first female head strength coach in Division I-A football makes it easier for her critics to question her expertise, but she quickly adds, "If people don't like the fact that I'm a female, well I figure that good coaching will overcome that."

She'll get no arguments from the Wildcats. —Tim Vanderpool

WHY MARIO LEMIEUX WON THE 1987-88 NHL SCORING TITLE

Last season Wayne Gretzky's string of seven consecutive Art Ross Trophies as the NHL's regular season scoring champion was snapped by Pittsburgh's Mario Lemieux, who got a widely recognized assist from knee and eye injuries that sidelined Gretzky for 16 games. What's

less well-known is the even bigger advantage Lemieux had: His team led the league in power play opportunities with 500.

The Penguins enjoyed 98 more man-advantages than Edmonton did and Lemieux cashed in by scoring 80 of his 168 points (47

percent) during power plays. Gretzky tallied only 38 of his 149 points (25 percent) during the power plays. On the other hand, while skating shorthanded or at even strength, the scoring race was no contest; the Great One outscored Lemieux, 101-88.

We discovered this intriguing fact after subtracting power play goals and assists (a stat the league will begin keeping next season) from the final regular season point totals of the league's 20 top scoring leaders.

As the charts show, 100-point scorers such as Quebec's Michel Goulet and LA's Jimmy Carson made more of their power play time than most other players did, but each was noticeably less efficient while playing shorthanded or at even strength. Others such as Detroit's Steve Yzerman, Edmonton's Jari Kurri and the Islanders' Pat LaFontaine ranked

PCT. OF TOTAL PTS. SCORED ON POWER PLAY

1 Carson53
2 Goulet48
3 P. Stastny47
M. Lemieux47
Bullard (Cal)47
6 Savard46
Hawerchuk46
8 Nieuwendyk (Cal)45
Suter (Cal)45
10 Larmer (Chi)44

TOTAL POINTS

1 M. Lemieux (Pitt)	168
2 Gretzky (Ed)	149
3 Savard (Chi)	131
4 Hawerchuk (Winn)	121
5 Robitaille (LA)	111
P. Stastny (Que)	111
Messier (Ed)	111
8 Carson (LA)	107
9 Loob (Cal)	106
Goulet (Que)	106

EVEN STRENGTH/SHORTHANDED POINTS

1 Gretzky	101
2 M. Lemieux	88
3 Messier	78
4 Loob	72
5 Robitaille	71
6 Savard	70
Yzerman (Det)	70
8 Kurri (Ed)	68
9 Hawerchuk	65
10 LaFontaine (NYI)	61

among the league's top scoring threats no matter how many skaters their opponents had on the ice. When power play goals and assists were subtracted, that trio jumped from the Top 20 into the Top 10.

Like Lemieux, Calgary's Joe Nieuwendyk rode the power play to a trophy, winning the Calder as top rookie, but scoring 31 of his 51 goals while holding an advantage. —John Rolfe

DENT'S MINI-MONSTER MAKES BO-SOX ROAR

October 2 will mark the 10th anniversary of Bucky Dent's three-run home run at Fenway Park that sparked the Yankees to a 5-4, come-from-behind win over the Red Sox in a now-classic one-game playoff

erecting a monument to the most storied moment of his career.

Construction began this summer at the Bucky Dent Baseball School in Delray Beach, Florida, on an exact replica of the Green Monster, Fenway's 37-foot-high leftfield wall over which Dent hit

green and topped with netting, just like the real thing, and an arrow will point to the spot where Dent's homer landed.

"We are expanding our complex," says Larry Hoskin, the school's president. "Instead of building a nice field, we thought

we would do something to correspond Bucky to the school a little better. It was Bucky's idea to see if we could build a little Fenway. Let's face it, that home run was his claim to fame."

As you might expect, Dent's plans aren't sitting well with

the Red Sox. Aside from the annoyance of seeing the construction of a shrine to one of the team's most devastating defeats, the team's lawyers have served

notice that Dent's original intention to use the name Little Fenway constituted possible trademark infringement.

Dent, who is currently managing the Yankees' Triple-A affiliate in Columbus, Ohio, while he awaits appointment to the managerial chopping block in New York, insists that his reasons for building the wall are not entirely self-serving.

"I want to give kids an idea of what it's like to play in a park like Fenway," he says. "Some kids will never play in the major leagues, but it doesn't mean they can't have a dream of hitting a ball off a wall like the Green Monster. That would give them a thrill."

The Mini-Monster won't be completed until December, but plans are in the works to christen the wall by reuniting Dent with Mike Torrez, the Red Sox' pitcher who served up the homer. Not surprisingly, Dent's idea of reenacting his home run did not exactly tighten Torrez's trousers.

"I'll only do it," he says, "if they pay me enough money."

—B.L. Ladson



Dent's homage to his blast in '78 is a replica of the wall it went over.



PETER TRAVERS (2)

for the American League East title. The occasion will likely be observed in Boston with little more than the utterance of hoary oaths, but Dent is celebrating by

his blast. The "Mini-Monster" will contain a scoreboard permanently set to 3-2 in the top of the seventh inning (as it read after the homer), it will be painted

NBA EXPANSION TEAMS: SCHEDULED TO SING THE TRAVELIN' BLUES UNTIL '92

Only the most buoyant optimists expect the NBA's two new teams, the Miami Heat and Charlotte Hornets, to be competitive this season. Inaugural campaigns are rarely kind to expansion clubs in any league, but the NBA's welcome wagon will bear more than the usual load of hard knocks over the next couple of seasons.

Since the 1960-61 season, eight of 11 NBA expansion teams won fewer than 25 games their first season, and Chicago's 33-48 slate in 1966-67 stands as the best record over that span. Expansion clubs have had a particularly rough time on the road (their winning percentage there is only .159), where even veteran teams get chewed up. Last season only the Celtics and the eventual champion Lakers managed to compile winning road records.

Those statistics are forbidding enough, but the league has de-

vised a plan to torment the newcomers even further. It has stacked the deck against the Heat by placing them in the Midwest Division where they will be

forced to travel unusually long distances for road games against the teams they play most frequently. Miami's schedule includes three visits to Salt Lake City, Denver and San Antonio; two to Seattle, Portland and Oakland; and four to L.A.

"It's kind of ridiculous," says Heat spokesman Steve Scheinfeld.

"Our closest away game in our division is in Dallas, two or three hours away. The Nets had a terrible road record [3-38] and their away games were in places like Philadelphia and Boston—right in their backyard."

Miami's predicament is the result of a Byzantine plan designed by the league to phase in four new teams (Orlando and Minnesota are the others) by the 1989-90 season. Miami will move to the Atlantic Division, its natural home, for the 1989-90 season while Charlotte moves from the Atlantic to the Midwest and finally to Central. Orlando will also shift divisions three times (Central, Midwest, Atlantic) after it joins the league that year. Minnesota, however, lucked out.

"Geographically it makes sense to keep Minnesota in the Midwest," says Matt Winick, the NBA's director of scheduling. "From a competitive standpoint this system insures there won't be too many expansion teams in any one division to start."

In the meantime the NBA's game of musical divisions leaves its new clubs with little to hope for except an increase in frequent flyer benefits.—Adam Schoenfeld



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They don't roll up the sidewalks in Lake Forest, Illinois; they bring in a crew to tidy 'em up for tomorrow's shopping. You know, Lake Forest, where Robert Redford and Mary Tyler Moore passed for "Ordinary People." Here, beyond a stone gate, up a winding drive, across manicured acres of lawn, sleeps newly Redskinned line-backer Wilber Marshall, 26 and wealthy and fierce, the first big money free agent and best-paid defensive player in NFL history.

His new five-year contract earns him \$6 million, including a half-million dollar signing bonus, a no-trade clause and a guarantee in case of injury. It has made both Marshall and his agent, Richard Bennett, into superstars.

Just arrived, I want to phone Wilber, to arrange a meeting place, but the Redskins' people have orders not to give his home number to anyone. "Wilber gets back from lifting between 10:00 and 11:00 AM—I told him you'll be at the house," the Redskins' guy says, then he gives me Marshall's address. "He doesn't like to talk. He doesn't want anyone to have his phone number. Too many people bothering him. Too much press."

Too much press. That's me...

In the morning I stop at Lakeside Foods for a quart of Old Style and then cruise over to Wilber's place. A realtor's sign is posted near the mailboxes at the head of the gravel driveway. A hundred yards back, five homes are spread over a meadow-sized patch of green. Wilber's is the one with no visible address and a cherry-red BMW 535 parked in front of the three-car garage. I know this because it says WMJ in white script on the driver's door.

I ring the bell. Wilber pulls open the door. "Yeah?"

"I'm the guy from SPORT. I know it's early, but do you want to go grab a beer?"

"I was going running."

"How about later this afternoon?"

Wilber looks slightly surly this morning, a little grumpy in his thigh-hugging bicycle shorts and Nike Pro Staff T-shirt. Six-foot-

one and 230, he's carved out of rock.

"Come on in," Wilber says.

Inside it's woody and bright. Somewhere out back a central-air unit the size of the Starship Enterprise hums away. Game balls

and leather-bound Great Books share the den wall with a stone fireplace. Other rooms are in various states of flux due to the impending move, but apparently that's not unusual. Wilber Marshall is a carpenter's son, one

of 11 children, who's proud to show you the flooring and paneling work he's done in his house.

In a far bedroom, cases of wine sit waiting for the new house in Virginia, which will have a real wine cellar. Framed color 11x14s

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WILBER MARSHALL

BY SCOTT RAAB

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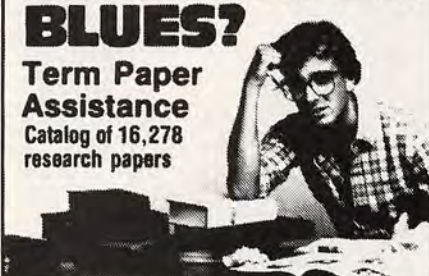
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of Bears teammates line the back hallway:
Singletary, McMahon, Payton.

We settle on the couch, a foot or two apart.
His drawl is rural Florida, warm and quiet,
but his face and his words are city business.
"They call me Pit Bull," he tells me later,
"because of the way I am. In a tough situa-
tion, I fight. It doesn't matter what it is, I just
lock up. I don't care how big they are."

After four years in Chicago, after two Pro
Bowls, a Super Bowl ring and the Super Bowl
Shuffle, after four years of work on his Lake
Forest home, what made Wilber Marshall
grab the big bucks and run?

"You got to go where the money is. Foot-
ball only lasts so long. When I was in college,
it was all playing the game. When I got here
it was dog-eat-dog, like any other job. You see
too many people getting screwed, and patting
you on the back so they can just find that soft
spot where they can put the knife. I felt like
I was in the top three linebackers in the league
and I said, 'Hey, this guy Lawrence [Taylor]
is making one or two million.' And you got
Boz making a mil, and I don't consider him
one of the best. I had to earn it."

He's sitting forward now, closer to me,
hands clasped, eyes on mine. He frowns when
asked about being portrayed by some in the
press and front office as a man whose loyalty
depends solely on who's buying lunch.

"It's a job. I need the money. Because of
all the things I want in life, I need the money.
I'm happy with what I have, but I want more,
like anybody else. Just like the owners trying
to make more money.

"Chicago fans want me here and they want
me to play, and when I leave they'll call me
a traitor. But what's the deal? I'm not play-
ing for you all. I play for you all as a city, okay,
but when it's time to feed my family, I play
for Wilber. When they go out and look for
a job their parents aren't saying, 'I don't want
you to take that million-dollar-a-year job—I
want you to come back and work for me cut-
ting grass, and I'll be proud of you because
you're a Chicagoan.'"

The Bears' front office claims they did
everything in their power to keep Marshall
happy in Chicago. He disagrees. "With four
games left, I went in and talked to [Bears presi-
dent Mike] McCaskey and I said to just think
about all those things that I did to help this
team make it where they are. And what you
asked me to do every Sunday. Then evaluate
how much you think I'm worth. You tell me
what you think. Tell me. But at least put me
in the category where they're making a
million."

The Bears fell far short. Along with the
NFL refrain "We can't upset our salary struc-
ture," there were hard words about Marshall's
being moody, an unhappy influence in the
clubhouse, jealous of his better-paid, better-
loved teammates. Particularly fellow line-
backer Mike Singletary, whose contract ap-

parently stipulates that no one on the team will make more than Mike Singletary.

"He knew what they were trying to do to me. Somebody told me up in the office that Mike had this clause in there, this condition in his contract. I wouldn't say what I heard someone on the street saying, but this is people that worked up there saying this is what he got.

"And I said, that's it. So if I make a million, he makes a million-one. It looked good to Mike, but the owners knew what they were doing. I heard the comments—'Now we can keep Wilber down, he made Pro Bowl more times than Wilber.'

"He plays two downs: first and second down. I play every down. I'll play any special team that you got."

Marshall pauses. He is careful to point out that "I still love Mike, we're still friends."

Another friendship was strained when the newly retired Walter Payton, from his new desk in Halas Hall, tried to convince Marshall to re-sign with the Bears.

"Walter called me and said, 'Hey, we can get a trade for you with Miami or some team that's not doing well.' I'm just disappointed in him, because he knew what my situation was 'cause he'd been there. He knows. I mean, they pulled him out of the game. He won't say that it's true, but his teammates will tell you that, anybody will tell you, he really wants to play the game, he still wants to play. But they said, 'Hey, we'll give you this job, we'll give you this money.' At first I understand they didn't even want to give him the jersey, retire it. To me that's sad. Let him play until he falls out. He brought you so much money.

"Walter came to me and said, 'Why don't you drop the no-trade clause, we got this team here that wants you—drop the no-trade, we'll sign you and then we'll trade you.' He called me from Phoenix on a two-way phone. I know someone was listening. He says [Marshall does Payton's voice, thin and high], 'Wil, what's going on? What's happening?'

"I said, 'Get to the point. You called me. You called Dave Duerson, you called Otis [Wilson], you called my girl. Cut the small talk.'

"Well, this is what they're saying, they can't pay you that. They'll give you a couple hundred thousand dollars more, that's all we can do."

"I said, 'We? Who you paying? You ain't paying nobody. If they want to talk to me, let them talk.'"

MARSHALL'S FINAL SEASON WITH THE Bears had been tough on the field as well. The famed Chicago "D" was fighting the painful shift from the beloved Buddy Ryan blitzkrieg to the less-appreciated defensive stylings of Vince Tobin.

"All the blitzing and everything was gone. This gang now is playing deep. They're used to playing aggressive and saying 'We can get eight people up there.' We put our corners on the spot. Put them on the spot—'Give us four seconds [coverage], we get back there and drop them.'

"Now they say drop back 10, 15 yards. They throw it deep and we get beat. In some situations, guys change the plays when his stuff isn't working. Signal would come in, they'd say, forget that."

When Ryan left, Marshall says, so did the pride of the Bears' defense. "Every time Buddy and Ditka fought, he stood for us. He said, 'Fight me, don't fight my players.' Ditka goes, 'Well, I don't think...' and he'd say, 'Get off my boys. I handle them.'

"Tobin doesn't have any power," Marshall adds. "He does what everybody else tells him to do. He's just there. He's so nervous he can't call the plays. I heard times when Ditka's hollering at Tobin: 'Don't run that thing. Put somebody else in the game.' And he'd change it right in the middle.

"I wanted to find a team that I can play with, that's going to complement the way I play and I can complement the way that they play."

The phone rings. The real estate people. Somebody wants to see the place.

"Every day they're coming through," he says. "I don't know if they're coming to see the balls or to see me sitting here or what."

The interruption shifts Marshall's attention to the change in his life. He believes he's once again moving in the right direction, to another Super Bowl champion team.

"I've got great owners there," he says. "The GM [Bobby Beathard] is unbelievable. He said, 'Wil, I want you to work as hard as you can. Just play as hard as you can. We don't expect you to be Superman.'

"I'm going to try to make the big play; I'm going to try to make some great hits. Because I love hitting. I'm going to earn every penny and play my heart out. I'm going to work hard to prove that I deserve it."

He may feel he has to prove it, because certain Redskins, including Dexter Manley, aren't ecstatic about the differences between their salaries and that of their new teammate.

"I don't care if it does cause a problem with Dexter or anybody else," Marshall says. Then again, maybe he does care a bit: Pit Bull locks up momentarily. "I'm doing my job. I don't write the checks. You can get mad at me, you can say whatever you want to. Just play as hard as I do."

Marshall wants to head out for his run before the real estate guy arrives to show the house, but he's willing to give his visitor a quick tour. He points out the paneling, the wallpaper, the flooring: the work of his hands. Just like his new gig—and his contract, all \$6 million of it. ★

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17. 1975 World Series MVP
18. "_____ Gotta Get a Message to You"
19. Catch some rays
20. 1986 World Series MVP: 2 wds.
22. Forties pitcher Harry
"The _____ Brecheen"
23. Mrs. Casey Stengel
25. Rival of Willie and Mickey
26. Tennis-match unit
27. First-aid box
28. What sluggers swing for
30. Bartlett or Bosc
32. In a strange way
34. With it, man
36. Billiards backspin
38. Wedding-announcement word
39. _____ wagon (road-race vehicle)
42. Lajoie of Cooperstown
44. Ruthian blow
46. Samms of *Dynasty*
49. Calendar column heading: Abbr.
50. Bachelor's last words: 2 wds.
51. Wide shoe size
53. Carburetor, to A.J. Foyt
54. "Without any further _____"
55. Eight-time Norris Trophy winner
56. Tony Tubbs' nickname
57. Note between "fa" and "la"
58. Football pass pattern: Abbr.
59. No longer playing: Abbr.
60. Tic-_____toe
61. Stat for Valenzuela
62. Whitey's batterymate
64. _____ soaring (hang gliding)
67. "_____ bin ein Berliner": JFK
68. "_____, and it counts!": Marv Albert
69. Whitson and Kranepool
71. _____ guard (hockey defenseman)
73. Sushi-bar selection
75. Facing the pitcher: 2 wds.
77. Ex-pitcher "Blue Moon" _____
79. Most-common last name in baseball
83. Polite address
84. Sadaharu's family
87. Slaughter of Cooperstown
89. Former Phils pitcher Rick
90. Suffix for bleacher
91. 1986 AL Championship Series MVP: 2 wds.
94. Cheer for Manolete

THE

DODGE

SPORT WORD DOWN PUZZLE



Puzzle answers on page 40

95. Mrs. Ron Greschner
96. Rizzuto or Esposito
97. Phils manager
98. Held first place
99. Kareem's target
100. Mark and Marty, to Gordie
101. Small grid gain
102. Pompous one

1. Archibald and Thurmond
2. Slide in under the tag
3. "I _____ Be a Cowboy"
(Boys Don't Cry tune)
4. Register for classes: Abbr.
5. Large amount
6. Settle a bet: 2 wds.
7. Chattered
8. _____ Lanka
9. Gear teeth
10. 1975 Wimbledon winner
11. 1984 gymnastics gold medalist
12. 1983 World Series MVP: 2 wds.
13. Be of use
14. Seven-time Daytona 500 champ
21. Gets close to
24. Olympics competitor: Abbr.
29. Legends of Golf participant
31. Like a rookie
33. Billy _____ Williams
35. 1984 NL pennant winners
37. 1987 AL Championship Series MVP
39. 1984 U.S. Women's Open Golf champ
40. Sportcast component
41. 1985 AL Championship Series MVP: 2 wds.
43. 1982 World Series MVP
45. 1972 World Series MVP
47. Patterson KO'd him in 1956
48. Last name in bodybuilding
52. Engraved
63. "_____, Sweet as Apple Cider"
65. "The Lip"
66. Swerving golf shots
70. Shellacs on the field
72. 1981 World Series co-MVP: 2 wds.
74. Vance or Vern
75. _____ Games (Far Eastern competition)
76. Championship
78. Cash
80. 1987 World Series MVP
81. 1984 Stanley Cup winners
82. Tennis tournament positions
85. Ritz Cracker competitor
86. _____ the cat (gymnastics stunt)
88. Agitate
92. Overhead railways
93. Tiny bit



The 1989 Dodge Shadow ES.

With sleek new aerodynamic styling, fuel-injected turbo power and over sixty standard features, it is the new spirit of all-out performance.

BEATING BACK THE BLITZ

Elusive QBs and waterbug receivers have stymied the defense of the Eighties. But the D of the Nineties is already in the making.

BY KEVIN LAMB

For a while, blitzing was the solution to every problem known to defensive coaches, except maybe tooth decay. The more they blitzed, the more they found themselves with better television reception, greener lawns and drier underarms. It was the offensive coaches who did all the sweating. They had to explain how, in 1985 and 1986, NFL defenses were darn near moving the football farther backward than the offenses could move it forward.

They explained more than that, it turned out. By the end of last season, the best offensive coaches had shown their players how to make the blitz work for them, as opposed to working them over. The defenses that relied heavily on blitzing suddenly looked helpless. By the time the pass-rushers converged on the quarterback, it was too late to push his belly button out his back. He didn't have the ball. Some little squirt with an 80s number tucked into his pants was hightailing off with it way downfield.

Blitzes, oddly, started getting scarier for the defense than the offense. Scoring in the 12 nonstrike weeks last year leaped from 41 points a game to 44, an all-time high and the biggest jump in nine years. Scoring in the playoffs, where the best offenses were drubbing the best defenses, surged from 41 a game to 50. And the difference was passing. Touchdown runs actually decreased. Sacks declined by four percent, too, and total sack yardage was down further.

SACKS DON'T TELL THE MAIN STORY, though. Blitzing, which means using five or more pass-rushers, still worked often enough to be tempting. It just wasn't reliable enough anymore to be stifling.

"I think it's been dealt with," 49ers coach Bill Walsh says of the weapon that sliced up offenses. "Just by quick, accurate passing to a fast, quick wide receiver who can maneuver against a given defender."

That doesn't mean defenses will start cowering back in deep zones again. They'll still blitz. They'll still get to see quarterbacks greet them with panicked eyes. They'll keep forcing quarterbacks into fetal air-raid positions. They'll keep popping a few of them like paper bags. They just won't do it quite as often as John Madden hollers "Boom!" They'll have to pick their spots more carefully.

"It's not over yet, I'm sure," Walsh says of the blitzing cycle. "I think blitzes are more effective now because you've got great athletes, and they're getting there a step faster. You've got better athletes covering receivers. I think the blitz is going to be more readily utilized than it might have once been."

For this season, then, the prospect of offense-defense balance is the best it has been since 1983, when defenses started turning aggressive and taking the upper hand from offenses. Blitzes are exciting when they turn quarterbacks into floor posters, but so are the plays when quarterbacks turn beaten blitzes into touchdowns. Fans can look forward to plenty of both.

Chicago offered a perfect example last

year. The Bears, kings of crunch in 1985 and 1986, still sacked opponents on 10.4 percent of their pass plays, close to their 10.9 and 10.8 the previous two years. But they gave up 22 touchdown passes in 12 games, one more than they had allowed in their previous 28 regular season games. Of the 18 touchdown passes against Chicago's man-to-man defense, 14 were against blitzes. "We probably blitzed too much," defensive coordinator Vince Tobin says.

The Eagles had trouble with touchdown passes, too. They gave up 24. They ranked last. But coach Buddy Ryan, who ignited the league's blitzmania as Chicago's defensive coordinator through 1985, says, "I think our blitzes were highly successful, really." He blamed the front four. During the strike, he says, they were the only players who fell out of shape. "So as the game wore on, in the fourth quarter, they weren't getting the pressure they should have gotten. That's what made the scoring go up."

The strike also may have doused the emotional fire that stokes blitzers, but the big difference is that 1985's sneak attacks have become 1988's conventional warfare, facing offenses trained to respond.

Before 1985, Walsh says, "People just kept putting plays in the playbook assuming they could deal with the blitz. Until they had to deal with it. It was never tested. It was a section of your playbook, 'Here's how we deal with blitzes. Thank God we don't have to deal with them because nobody's blitzing much.' Then once they started, you'd go through those pages and—*aiieee!*—they didn't work."

Ryan's 46 defense gave offenses blitzing problems they hadn't seen. It's essentially a 5-3 alignment, with one more man close to the line than offenses were used to. Even worse, that extra man was on the center. With pass-rushers over both guards and the center, the 46 attacked an offensive line at its weakest pass-blockers. And with eight men in pass-rush positions, the defense had enough options that the offense didn't know whom to block.

Soon, though, everyone in the league used at least scaled-down versions of the 46. It became part of an offense's regular practice routine. "Any time you practice something and study it, you're going to be a little more aware of what to expect," Raiders coach Mike Shanahan says. "That's what happened." Offenses figured out where they had to be to block the blitzing linebackers, and how to tell which ones they had to block.

EVENTUALLY, THE ADVANTAGE OF UNPREDICTABILITY shifted to some offenses, the biggest advantage in pro football. That's why offenses and defenses move men around as late as they're allowed, to dis-



Chargers
linebacker
Billy Ray
Smith (54)
has his
eyes on the
QB prize.

guise their intentions. When a team knows what the other guys are doing, it has a chance. And now the offense's counter-punches are newer than the blitzing punches.

One thing never changes about blitzing. It compresses time. Pass plays are all based on a minimum time the quarterback needs to make them work. Some need four seconds. Some need two. The point of a blitz is to bring the play out of the oven before the timer dings. If the pass rush reaches the quarterback before the play has developed, it likely will get a sack, interception or incompleteness. But if not, the offense has a good chance for a big play.

That's the gamble in blitzing. The de-

chance to make something big happen."

No one has done that better than Cleveland, where Infante was offensive coordinator through last year. Miami, Denver and Washington are top quickball players, too. The 49ers are a little different. They'd rather use more blockers, inviting blitzes that leave Jerry Rice in single coverage. But they also unload the ball quickly. And no one ignores the blocking. They've all had to seal up the lanes blitzers used to get to the quarterback.

Receivers open up quickly by dashing across the middle, where the throw is shorter. Or by crossing paths in the short flat, where one receiver can run a basket-ball pick on another receiver's man. Or by

quently the great receiver is going to be matched up just momentarily by himself," Walsh says. "If the ball is thrown accurately, it's a one-on-one play."

The 49ers' Rice was the star of the regular season last year. Minnesota's Anthony Carter, who's about the right size for stirring a drink, was the star of the playoffs.

Other teams noticed. The Raiders, strong at wide receiver before the draft, selected Tim Brown and traded for Willie Gault. The Chargers took wideouts on their first two picks. The Bears and Packers drafted first round wide receivers even though the position was a relative strength.

Two top receivers are no longer enough. Denver doesn't have Two Amigos. All three

of them play, too. Four isn't uncommon; five isn't unheard of. "To be successful, you've got to use multiple fronts and multiple people," says Bears coach Mike Ditka. "You must change personnel. Whether you go with one back, two tight ends and two receivers; one back, one tight end and three receivers or four receivers and one back, you have to try to get your weaker personnel on your stronger personnel. And you do that by changing formations and moving around."

AFTER A FEW YEARS of making offenses react to their blitzes, defenses last year found themselves suddenly on the defensive. The volume and success of quick passes to wide receivers surprised them. But they've had an off-season to study what went wrong, and they'll be coming up with answers.

"In Chicago, they always said we are a blitzing team," says Buddy Ryan. "I never thought we were, but when we went, we knew we could get there because of the pickup scheme.

"If you give us the blitz, we'll take it. We'll get your quarterback. We'll give you a whole damn bunch of it. But if you don't, we'll do something else. There's a tendency to blitz just to be blitzing, without feeling you've got an educated reason to blitz."

That's indiscriminate blitzing. More discriminate blitzing doesn't mean less blitzing; it means picking the situations with care. Surprise is essential. In '88, defenses will work harder to disguise their blitzes. When Chicago's blitz slipped noticeably last season, safety Dave Duerson explained, "We didn't blitz any more when Buddy was here. The difference [last year] was, for the most part, offenses knew

IN OUT

Small, quick receivers, like the Broncos' Ricky Nattiel.

Long-striding deep threats like the Raiders' James Lofton.



ROBERT BECK/ALLSPORT USA

fense has taken players out of coverage and put them in the pass rush because the extra pass-rushers should make coverage easier. Backs shouldn't have to cover receivers longer than, say, two seconds, which they can do. But they can't hold on for four.

An offense can beat the blitz, then, by giving itself more time or by designing a play that requires less time. More time requires better blocking, usually with more blockers. That's what offenses tried first. They had to. They weren't even getting their passers back to the pocket safely.

"The defense can always bring one more than you can block," Packers coach Lindy Infante says. "Your quarterback can't block. So saying that you can keep enough people in to block never solves the problem. Because even if you blocked nine and sent the 10th guy out, they could rush 10 and cover the one guy.

"I think the mentality now tends to be instead of trying to block it, it's more trying to get guys in the open with the ball somehow and let them make a play. But get it out of the quarterback's hands and into the hands of someone who has a

changing their routes in midplay to take advantage of the open space a blitzer has vacated.

The tactics require a particular kind of wide receiver, one who can escape his defender right at the line instead of on the third fake downfield. "I think it's an advantage to be smaller," Denver's Ricky Nattiel says. Teams are designing plays more for the Broncos' undersized Amigos or Miami's Marks Brothers or Washington's Gary Clark and Ricky Sanders than for such longer-striding burners as Wesley Walker or Irving Fryar. "If they've got some quickness, they don't have to have flat-out speed," Infante says.

Quicker receivers have taken many of the traditional blitz-beating pass routes away from running backs, who didn't have the line-of-scrimmage confrontations to worry about but didn't worry defenses so much about turning a five-yard pass into a 30 yard gain.

BLITZES HAVE MADE RECEIVER THE glamour position of the late Eighties. "The coverage has to be tight, and conse-



SPORT
MAGAZINE

Baseball Card Society

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HOW (AND WHY) COLLECTING BASEBALL CARDS CAN BE THE MOST PROFITABLE SPORTS-BASED HOBBY YOU TRY OUT

A "better-than-risk-free" invitation to join the premier baseball card collecting society in America – and receive a \$118 free bonus just for agreeing to preview our selections of rookies, and superstar player cards.

Dear SPORT Magazine reader:

Did you know that the long-term performance of baseball cards beats the pants off of stocks, T-bills, and rare coins?

One hundred dollars invested in baseball cards in 1980 is worth \$2,449 today...(and the future performance looks even better!)

Baseball card collecting is not just a fun sports-based hobby any longer. It has become an extremely profitable field in which to be involved.

HEADLINE IN JANUARY, 1988 NEWSPAPER:

"Mantle Baseball Card Stolen...Value \$4000"

As any owner of a 1952 baseball card featuring Mickey Mantle can attest, it pays to be a collector...more than a fan!

While the Yankee legend long ago hung up his spikes, the 1952 Topps rookie card of the great Yankee slugger still packs an incredible wallop; it is now worth \$4,000!

The passion for baseball card collecting is becoming almost feverish. Baseball card sales and trading flourish year round with no regard for the regular season, the economy, or any inflation/recession that's going on.

And baseball card collecting is growing at such an extraordinarily rapid rate it seems unaffected by the factors that impact traditional type investments.

NO BLACK MONDAY IN BASEBALL CARDS

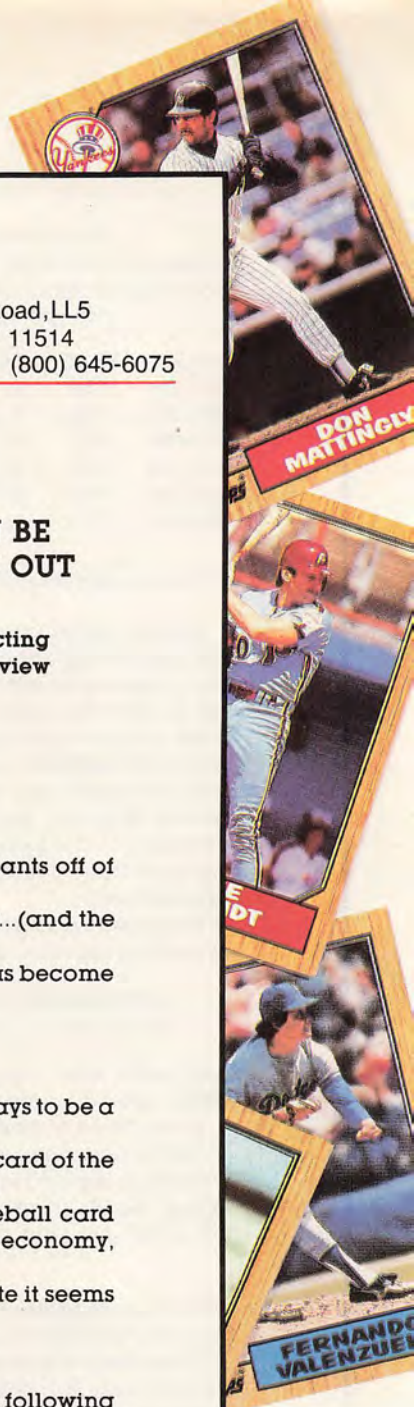
When the stock market suffered its devastating crash on Black Monday, that following Friday a set of baseball cards sold for the highest price on record. The market seems to keep growing and demand gets stronger and stronger while supplies of the best players diminish. (Choosing the right cards, for you, is our job!)

Best of all is the sheer affordability of baseball cards. You can still buy promising card sets of rookies, and super-star Hall of Fame hopefuls for as little as \$30 a month.

Compare that to stocks where minimum investment is probably \$1000 or more...or gold where an ounce is almost \$500.

And yet baseball cards appear to be growing at an annual rate of return that puts all the more "traditional" investments to shame.

(Continued)



THIS INVESTMENT ISN'T GOING TO BE TREATED LIGHTLY FOR LONG!

Here, for example, is the record of price performance of six cards...our staff has recorded how they've performed over the last few years.

CARD	YEAR	PLAYER	PRICE OF CARD				ANNUAL % INCREASE
			1980	1983	1985	1987	
Topps	1952	A. Pafko	\$ 5.00	\$ 40.00	\$125.00	\$350.00	985%
Topps	1963	P. Rose	\$35.00	\$275.00	\$300.00	\$500.00	189%
Topps	1977	D. Murphy	\$.03	\$ 17.50	\$ 27.00	\$ 48.00	22842%
Topps	1980	R. Henderson	\$.03	\$ 5.00	\$ 6.50	\$ 22.00	10461%
Topps	1978	E. Murray	\$.05	\$ 7.75	\$ 16.00	\$ 27.00	7700%
Topps	1975	G. Brett	\$.08	\$ 17.00	\$ 20.00	\$ 37.50	6682%
Total			\$40.19	\$352.25	\$494.50	\$984.50	2349%

Card prices in chart taken from the *Sport Americana Price Guide* by Dr. James Beckett. Other prices taken from *Current Card Prices Catalog*.

Keep in mind, also, the fact that you could have purchased virtually all these cards "in the beginning" for a few cents a piece. The same tremendous returns can be repeated - every season investors are duplicating such purchases. You can do the same - through the Society you *can* have stupendous returns like these. Just bear in mind that nothing goes up forever - that the present and past profits in baseball cards do not guarantee what will happen in the future.

In March of 1987, just one season ago, Mark McGwire's Topps card was selling for \$.10. (That's 10 cents.) By December it reached \$5.00. How can anyone believe the sheer enormity of the percentage of increase here? We were, and are very high on Mark's cards - I have predicted they will reach \$50.00 at the end of the 1990 season - just three seasons away.

Now there's a source you can turn to for advice and recommendations - and actual assistance in putting together a valuable baseball card collection.

ANNOUNCING: the SPORT Magazine Baseball Card Society - and your invitation to become a Charter Member - without risk or obligation.

Up until now, if you were anxious to get started collecting or investing in baseball cards - you'd pretty much be on your own, so-to-speak.

You'd have to read a bunch of books and articles, ask a bunch of people a lot of complicated questions, perform hours and hours of research and then - throw the dice.

We think there's a far better, infinitely more practical, promising and profitable alternative. It's to join the SPORT Magazine Baseball Card Society - and by doing so allow us to take all the effort, risk and confusion away from collecting baseball cards.

YOUR INVESTMENT ADVISORY BOARD

We've put together, what we feel to be, one of the foremost groups of advisory experts to help you identify the upcoming rookie and superstar players.

Three Hall-of-Famers you know and respect help you make your super-star selections. Whitey Ford, Bob Gibson, and Yogi Berra, to be exact!

Whitey Ford, who won 10 World Series games, pitched 45 shutouts, had a career winning percentage of .690. He's on our Board of Advisors - every month he participates in the selection of your cards!

Bob Gibson. He threw 13 shutouts one season for the Cardinals, won more than 20 games a year for five years, 251 games total. Set a World Series record in striking out 17 batters in a single game. He is on our team, and advises the Society on which baseball cards in your monthly selections that may skyrocket.

Yogi Berra. The Yankee catcher for 19 years, he hit more home runs than any other American League catcher; caught the only perfect game pitched in a World Series. He's now coach for the Houston Astros and he acts as one of our Investment Advisors for the Baseball Card Society.

(Continued)



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Baseball Card Society

ROOKIE CARDS—THE GAMBLE THAT CAN MAKE YOU A FORTUNE

Introducing the Chief Advisor who helps pick *all* our rookie selections: George Sisler, Jr. Since 1976, he's been the General Manager of the Columbus Clippers of the International League (Triple A), affiliated with the New York Yankees. (Did you know that his first baseman in 1982 was Don Mattingly, whose baseball card is included in the pre-Rookie Columbus Clippers set that today sells for \$150?)

From 1966-1976 he was President of the International League, and also served as a member of the Committee on Recodification of Baseball's Blue Book from 1969-1970.

He's been a professional *baseball player, scout, and general manager* for 48 years.

George Sisler, Jr. is particularly well-skilled in the art of identifying rookies who will grow into superstars and Hall-of-Famers...and whose baseball cards will soar in value. He is in charge of rookie card selection for the Society.

HOW THE SOCIETY WORKS

Each month we meet with our Advisory Board and agree upon selections of rookies and star players who may become Hall of Fame members, and send them to you in modestly priced packages that cost just \$30.00.

Every package is divided very carefully—80% super-star cards and 20% rookie cards. (By the way—because of our contacts and prominence in the baseball card field, the Society is able to acquire baseball cards at substantially *under* catalog prices; we pass these savings on to our members so that we rarely, if ever, send you cards priced over the monthly professional catalog, *Current Card Prices*.)

You have 10 days after receiving each selection to decide whether to keep that month's selection and pay for it—or send it back without further obligation.

You never are at risk as a Charter Member of the SPORT Magazine Baseball Card Society.

OUR GOAL

We have two express goals: to give our select group of members the inside edge...with cards selected by insiders, giving you a distinct advantage over virtually every other baseball card collector around; also, to have you enter this investment early-on, as a Charter Member.

We think that by consulting the most knowledgeable advisory staff of Hall of Fame experts on baseball we could assemble, and by buying and selling you cards at fair value, we can accomplish our goals.

Plus—by allowing you to always "preview" each month's selection without risk or obligation—before you need decide to keep it—we eliminate virtually all of the risk as well. WE'LL NEVER ASK A CHARTER MEMBER FOR MONEY BEFORE YOU SEE YOUR CARDS!

AN IRRESISTIBLE BONUS OFFER THAT'S WORTH \$118 WHETHER YOU REMAIN A MEMBER OR CANCEL

You can't become a successful baseball card collector unless you have the knowledge, understanding and basics. We want to help provide the solid foundation you need to get properly started.

So, everyone signing up as a member will receive a two-report set of information about how to collect baseball cards for maximum profit: Report #1, *The Case for Baseball Card Values* (to Soar Through the Roof Within the Next Ten Years); and Report #2, *The History of Baseball Cards*. These are worth \$35.

Plus we'll send you a beautiful professional grade collecting album with vinyl pages. It's a \$35 value.

And you'll receive a full one-year paid subscription to the Society's newsletter, *Circling The Bases* (sent as long as you are a member), regularly a \$48 a year subscription.

Together it's a \$118 value and, but for the subscription, it's yours to keep as a Charter Member of the Society—even if you decide to cancel your membership for any reason whatsoever.

(Continued)



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A 50-CARD SLEEPER SET AS YOUR ADDED STARTER BONUS

Plus – we'll send every new member who signs up within the next 30 days a set of 50 "sleeper" cards our Advisors believe could increase in value. Its future value? We can't say, since these are players who may become stars, but are now just bench-sitters. But who knows, in a year or two their value may be tremendous. We can think of many players who developed after years of sitting around.

A BETTER-THAN-RISK-FREE OFFER

Remember – you're never forced to keep *any* monthly package we send you. In fact, you can decide to send back the first package and cancel your membership instantly.

But even if you cancel before you've sent us a dime, you keep all the bonuses already received for being good enough to look at our program and try us out!

People who know what they're doing are turning pennies into dollars and dimes into ten dollar bills with baseball card collecting – we think we can help you profit dramatically as well.

If you decide to keep the selection (and you probably will) and remain an active member, we'll send you a selected package every month to review – and pay for only *after* you've decided to keep it.

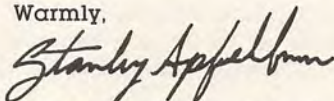
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WE WANT YOU TO LOOK, FEEL, ENJOY YOUR FIRST PACKAGE OF CARDS!...TO READ THE TWO REPORTS, AND THEN PLACE YOUR 50 FREE CARDS IN YOUR FINE ALBUM AND PAGES. Then decide whether you want to become a Charter Member of the Society – knowing that you have absolutely no obligation to stick with the program – and that you still may keep the bonuses already received by you.

Fill out our membership application on the bind-in Order Card, and you're on your way!

I think you'll be pleased with the cards we select for you and with their long term growth potential.

Warmly,



Stanley Apfelbaum, Director

P.S. When you consider that a 1963 Pete Rose card, which originally sold for a couple of pennies, is now selling for more than \$500 – and this is only one of hundreds of success stories – isn't baseball card collecting something you should seriously get involved in?

P.P.S. We've purchased a small hoard of a very, very special card for you. It's free! This player's card is bound to be a tremendous success. You'll be proud to own it.



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RESERVATION FORM

I'm eager to start investing in baseball cards on your risk-free offer. Please enter a membership for me in the SPORT Magazine Baseball Card Society.

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I understand that as part of my membership I'll be sent a FREE starter kit valued at \$118 as described in this offer!

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where we were coming from."

So the Bears spent training camp this summer trying on masquerades; they worked on zone coverage from a bump-and-run alignment, so quarterbacks can't assume anything just from seeing cornerbacks at the line. That's one thing to look for this season. Here are other key points to expect from defensive playbooks of the near future:

- Odd blitzing patterns. Instead of sending four linemen and one linebacker, send three and two and let a defensive end cover a back. In a short zone, he can do it for two seconds.
- Versatility replacing specialization. The problem with massive substituting is it limits a defense's options.
- More bump and run.
- More four-man lines (and hybrids). "I expect you'll see a four-man concept on the field at least 70 percent of the time in given games," says Bill Walsh. "If we don't make at least five yards on first down, we see a nickel defense." Defensive linemen have become such mobile athletes, Walsh says, there's less reason to replace them with fourth linebackers. (Miami drafted Rick Graf and Eric Kumerow in the last two years for the flexibility of shifting from three linemen to five.)
- New priorities. Houston coach Jerry Glanville has always been a blitzer, but he says, "We never blitzed to sack the quarterback. We blitz to get the incompletion or the interception." When they're successful, the Oilers get the ball back just as quickly that way with less risk of a big play. Defensive coaches all like to see their people making big plays. But the first point on the job description is to take them away from the offense.

BACK IN THE HUDDLE, A SPREAD OUT offense helps after the snap, too. When a receiver is moving at the snap, as one almost always is, he's harder to slow down at the line. Even for receivers who aren't moving, according to Glanville, "It helps your routes." More receivers are at the line, where they have a head start on getting open.

Oftentimes offenses prefer to work in more of a crowd. They can do that by using the two wideouts on the same side. "Sometimes traffic jams are created," Infante says, "and you hope your guy can come out of it."

Those traffic jams don't just happen. All offensive coaches contrive to create them, to make man-to-man defenders run into one receiver so another one gets open. Defensive coaches call them picks, although picks are illegal in Pete Rozelle's NFL.

"Yeah, they pick," Cowboys coach Tom Landry says. "Usually if you hit a guy on a pick, you'll get a penalty. But if you make


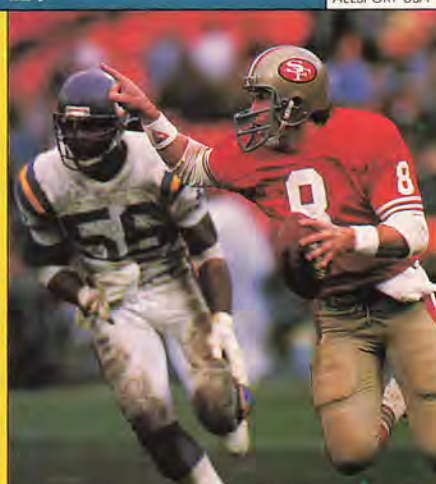
a guy react on man-to-man coverage, he turns and all of a sudden there's a guy right in his face, it's still a pick even if the guy steps aside and misses him. You slowed him down. They get the same results. It's unfortunate we can't write a rule to handle that."

Pick plays are especially effective near the goal line. "When you get down to the 10, the 15, when you get a pick, you've got a touchdown," Landry says. That's when the opportunities for picks increase, too, because defenses traditionally have been more apt to blitz with man-to-man coverage closer to their own goal lines.

The effect shows up on a breakdown of last year's league-wide touchdown passes

The difference a running quarterback makes has the effect of that missing 11th blocker. He gives himself more time. When Elway scrambles, says Denver defensive coordinator Joe Collier, "the defensive backs are out there by themselves for too long."

Few teams have Elway's gifts at quarterback, but if there's one thing to look for this year, it's more teams using Denver's tactic of making the shotgun an any-down formation. The Broncos started doing that against Chicago last year, when the "union" Broncos were 2-2-1, and they went on to win eight out of their last nine before the Super Bowl. "We thought it would give the quarterback another half-second,"

OUT	IN
 <p>Impulsive blitzing by the Bears and Mike Singletary (50).</p>	 <p>Running, scrambling QBs, a la the 49ers' Steve Young.</p>

by yardage. The whole increase in touchdown passes took place inside the 30, in the blitzing area. In fact, from the 30 on out, touchdown passes have been pretty steady since 1985. The rate per NFL week has been 9.7, 9.8 and 10.0. But inside 30 yards, where the rate per week also was comparable in '85 and '86, it shot up 17.5 percent last year, from 26.9 to 31.6.

The increase was even more dramatic in the playoffs, where the best offenses took on the best defenses. Inside the 30, playoff touchdown passes rose 50 percent, from 18 to 27, and the increase inside the 20 was 62 percent.

The playoffs showcase the best quarterbacks as well as the best receivers. The best quarterbacks are harder to bring down because they anticipate open receivers that others miss. But more than that, it's getting harder to find a top quarterback who's a welcome target even when his receivers are covered. Even if they don't run like John Elway or Steve Young, the quick feet of Bernie Kosar and the quick arms of Doug Williams and Dan Marino avoid sacks nearly as well.

said Shanahan, who was Denver's offensive coordinator, "and a little more depth to make his read and be able to dump the ball off." It gave the receivers enough time to boost their average catch from 12.3 yards for the first five games to 15.9 for the last seven. That was nearly a full yard more than the league-leading average for the full season.

That's burning the blitz to a crisp. "I think the shotgun helps a quarterback who can't move as much as it helps a mobile quarterback," Shanahan says. The slower guy can't exploit it as well, but he needs it more. Besides, it worked, didn't it? NFL coaches don't let proven success just sit on a shelf. That's how all this blitzing got started in the first place. And it is precisely how it's dissipating. In another month or two, the NFL playbook wizards and offensive coaches are going to be swearing those quick pass plays make the grass look greener. Especially in the end zone. ★

Kevin Lamb, a sportswriter for the Chicago Sun-Times, wrote The 1988 NFL Preview in the August issue of SPORT.

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BUFFALO SOLDIER



PETE J. GROH

ON THE LAST DAY OF THE 1987 season for Buffalo, most of the Bills seemed to be playing as if their hearts, minds and muscles were elsewhere. After all, it wasn't much more than a meaningless exercise on a cold day in Philly against the Eagles. A week earlier Buffalo had blown its chance for a playoff berth by losing at home to the Patriots.

The Bills played like handdogs and lost to Philadelphia, 17-7. That is, most of the Bills. Cornelius Bennett, rookie linebacker out of Alabama, decided not to hang. He played like a combination Rambo and Road Runner, streaking from sideline to sideline, making 17 tackles, four sacks and stripping the football from three Eagles.

Nor was he shy. After one sack, he told Eagles quarterback Randall Cunningham: "You better get somebody to block for you or I'm going to kill you."

Following the game, linebacking mate Darryl Talley compared Bennett to Superman. Reporters who sniffed a good story crowded around to ask about the effort that would shortly earn Bennett the AFC defensive player of the week award. In the lockerroom, the rookie wasn't impressed. "If you lose," he said, "it doesn't matter how good you play. If you lose, it's a loss."

THE DEFENSE OF THE
FUTURE RUNS LIKE THE WIND,
HITS LIKE A TRUCK
AND WILL LIKELY MARCH TO
THE PLAYOFFS.
CORNELIUS BENNETT HAS LANDED.

BY DAN HERBECK

AS FAR AS THE BILLS ARE CONCERNED, acquiring Bennett last Halloween in a three-way megatrade with the Indianapolis Colts and the Los Angeles Rams was a major victory. After all, the Bills already had monstrous Bruce Smith at end and first round pick Shane Conlan in the linebacking corps.

"You talk about bookends," smiles Bills defensive coordinator Walt Corey. "Somebody upstairs said to me, 'Walt, we're going to give you Bruce Smith on one side and Shane Conlan and Cornelius Bennett at linebacker on the other side. At the same time. We're going to let you have some fun.'"

Put Bennett, Smith, Conlan and Talley together with veteran nose tackle Fred Smerlas and second round cornerback Nate Odomes on a squad led by the ma-

rauding Jim Kelly on offense, and you are more than flirting with the playoffs. Ask Don Shula.

"Who do you concentrate on?" he asks. "We're trying to figure that out. The addition of Cornelius really makes them tough." Shula picks the Bills as Miami's principal rival in the AFC East.

"I don't think he can be stopped unless it's by injury," adds Shula, whose son Mike

played quarterback on the same Alabama teams as Bennett. "Knowing Cornelius's history, the bigger the game, the better he plays. He is relentless."

Things started getting tough for Buffalo opponents last season soon after the 6-2, 235 pound Bennett came aboard. Against Denver on November 8, with Bennett and Smith dogging John Elway into one of his more mundane performances, the Bills beat the Super Bowl-bound Broncos, 21-14, in a game more lopsided than indicated by the final score.

On his first NFL play, Bennett blitzed past the Denver line, threw up a forearm and forced a surprised Elway into hurrying a pass that fell incomplete. On his second play he harassed Elway into another incomplection. On Bennett's fourth play, the Broncos were flagged for holding him.

By his fifth play, the AFC's best team was double-teaming him.

"By the second half," Corey says, "Cornelius was a starter."

"He's as good as anyone," Elway said after the game.

But of course those are just words. In the four nonstrike games before the Bennett trade, the Bills gave up a total of 119 points. In the eight games with Bennett in the lineup, they gave up 122.

In the four games before the trade, the Bills had eight sacks. In the eight "Bennett" games they had 22, including 8½ by

Kelso and others also contributed in a big way. In fact, the rebirth of the Buffalo defense culminated in its selection—as a unit—as the AFC defensive player of the week after the Bills' 27-0 throttling of Shula's Dolphins on November 29. The Bills were the first team ever to receive that award as a unit. But Bennett was the catalyst.

"I don't want to hurt people," Bennett says. "I feel sorry for guys who go out there trying to take out somebody's knees. But I'm competitive. In every game I try to make every tackle. I want to make the plays that make the fans go, 'ooh, aah...'"

"Cornelius lets his actions do the talking," says Eagles running back Keith Byars, who knows Bennett well. "He's not a real outgoing person, but on the field he never lets up."

IT SEEMS PERFECTLY NATURAL TO discover that the man who's compared with Superman has his roots in steel. Bennett is the second-youngest of six children raised by Lino Bennett, a retired Birmingham steelworker, and his wife, Lillie. Cornelius speaks with pride of his father, who walked to work each day for 32 years.

"I sort of take after my father," he says. "We're both quiet until somebody stirs us up." To this day, after a Buffalo loss, Cornelius is likely to head home to his bedroom and "stare straight ahead into the TV set until four in the morning," according to his wife, Tracey. His wife also points out that, despite his \$4 million, five year contract, Cornelius is as stingy with his cash as he is with his yardage.

"I'm cheap, man, Cheapo," he says, grinning. "God, all this money. I still haven't adjusted to it. I'm scared to invest it. I just want the money to sit there in the bank. I enjoy looking at the numbers once a month." Of course it wasn't always that way. Bennett grew up in the Birmingham neighborhood known as Ensley—not far from the steel mill—and the Tuxedo housing project which was afflicted with its share of urban trauma.

Steve Savarese, Bennett's high school coach at Ensley, knew right away he had exceptional talent to work with in the kid they called Biscuit. He recalls seeing Bennett, as a 220 pound junior, run a 4.5 40-yard-dash. "I thought to myself," Savarese says, "'Hmmm, he might make me a good coach.'"

So did Ray Perkins, who caught Bennett's act as a high school running back/tight end in a 1982 high school all-star game. When he coached him at Alabama, Perkins took the tight end notions out of Bennett's head and started comparing him to Lawrence Taylor.

"Normally in college football, you don't brag on your players too quickly," says

Perkins, who coached Taylor with the Giants. "But with Cornelius I could see right away he would be mature enough to handle it. That's why I started comparing him to L.T. after his third day of practice."

IT WAS PERHAPS SURPRISING TO FIND that, after being drafted second to Vinny Testaverde in the '87 draft, Bennett decided not to report to the Indianapolis Colts training camp. Especially after he remarked publicly that he'd be happy in any NFL city. The six-month holdout put a strain on him, he says, to the point that he and Tracey survived for a time on borrowed money.

"There were times when I didn't think I would have a rookie year at all," he says. Then, the Colts-Bills-Rams trade shook him back into gear. (The Bills gave the Rams two first round picks, a second rounder and malcontent running back Greg Bell. The Colts got Eric Dickerson; the Rams got Bell, Colts running back Owen Gill and a half-dozen draft picks.)

Besides Bennett's warm body for a full year, the improved play of Conlan and Smith will carry Buffalo toward the playoffs this year. Smith, as the only bona fide pass-rusher on past Bills teams, had been double- and triple-teamed, but after Bennett arrived, Smith started to see some welcome one-on-one.

"With that kid by me, there won't be any stopping us," Smith says.

The trade also allowed the Bills to move Conlan from the outside to inside linebacker, where he played like a nasty nephew of Dick Butkus. Conlan also benefited from the arrival in '87 of linebacker Scott Radecic, another Penn State alum, who came from Kansas City on waivers. Any way you look at it, the new Bills' defense has snatched some of the spotlight from quarterback Jim Kelly and turned it on some exceptional tackling and hitting.

But it's not the hitting that stirs Bennett—it's the competition. "I don't consider myself a headhunter," he says, "but when a guy's playing rough against me, I can be as mean as anybody who plays football."

"I don't talk much on the field. I don't call guys names. I don't say things about their mothers, like a lot of guys do. When I tackle a guy, I help him off the ground and say, 'Come back again.'"

Bennett is not a flashy dresser, but he does wear a diamond earring in his left ear. Looking in a mirror, he can't help but see it sparkle. Kind of like the diamond the Buffalo braintrust sees when they look at the far left side of their shapely new D. ★

Dan Herbeck is a writer with the Buffalo News in New York.



RICK STEWART/SPORT USA

The inside play of Conlan (minus helmet) brings back memories of Butkus.

Bennett. The Bills also recovered nine fumbles in the eight Bennett games, compared to 11 during the previous 20 nonstrike games.

IF YOU WERE HEAVING LABELS AROUND a lockerroom, you could probably call Bennett an impact player. But he had help last season. Smith, the first pick of the 1985 draft, became the most dominating pass-rusher in the AFC. His 12 sacks and much-improved run defense sent him to the Pro Bowl, where he was MVP, and earned him UPI's award as defensive player of the year in the AFC.

Conlan, a rookie out of Joe Paterno's linebacker factory at Penn State, complemented the freewheeling Bennett with tough inside play that made him the team's leading tackler. He won the AP defensive rookie of the year award.

Other rookie linebackers—notably Brian Bosworth of the Seahawks—got the headlines. Conlan got results. His punishing play surpassed the Bills' projections when they made him a first round pick.

Smerlas, Odomes, Talley, safety Mark

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BENT OVER BACKWARDS

The U.S. women's gymnastics team is in turmoil.

The kids are all right, but the adults might cost them some medals.

When we left our story, Mary Lou was caught in Bela's bear hug at Pauley Pavilion after her perfect vault won her a gold medal. Mary Lou said she couldn't have done it without Bela. Don said she probably could have, and wondered what Bela was doing there, anyway, on his turf. Don managed to keep a stiff upper lip, and why not, Mary Lou and her friends were piling up all sorts of Olympic medals. Don got some of the credit. Bela got more. Mary Lou got rich. They all had a wonderful summer...

FOR TWO WEEKS THIS FALL, AN OLD PRIME TIME SOAP WILL return to the air—and to the beam, parallel bars, floor and vault. The show played well in Los Angeles four years ago. It will have trouble in Seoul. Nonetheless, it is back and some of the main characters are back with it.

Bela Karolyi is a star now, a flamboyant supercoach, and most of his rival coaches in U.S. women's gymnastics hate him for it. Bela says they are just jealous, but every now and then he pouts when he doesn't get his way and won't show up at a meet. He doesn't skip the little ones, either. Last year he didn't show up at the Pan American Games and the world championships.

Don Peters was given the same job he had back in '84: head coach of the U.S. women's team. It's a job Bela wants, but Don, a fixture in the gymnastics world, always gets. This time, however, even he couldn't keep the job for long.

Don took over when Greg Marsden, a college coach who was hired for his middle-of-the-road politics, resigned nine months before the Olympics because he was alone in that particular party of the nation of gymnastics.

And Mary Lou Retton? She turned 20 earlier this year, well past her gymnastics prime, and vaulted right into the Olympic unannouncing booth. Meanwhile, the new Mary Lou, Kristie Phillips, has come and gone from the world scene between Olympiads, showing just how short a gymnast's life can be.

The Seoul Olympics are upon us, and American women's gymnastics, the sport of little girls, is back. The endeavor that so delighted outsiders and so perplexed insiders, that earned the United States an unprecedented eight medals, two of them gold, in 1984, has once again bubbled to the surface of national consciousness. But unlike 1984 it comes with anger, infighting, jealousies and a certain amount of fear.

The contrast between what happened in '84 and what probably will happen in '88 is startling. Some experts predict no medals at all for the U.S. women gymnasts. Others say a bronze in the team competition is possible, with perhaps a shot at another bronze in an individual event. What's wrong? Nothing—and everything.

"We will have a very, very strong team in Seoul," says Mike Jacki, executive direc-

tor of the U.S. Gymnastics Federation and the man who is sick and tired of refereeing disputes between coaches. "It probably will be better over all than our team in Los Angeles. But the rest of the world will be there this time. The Soviets and the Eastern Europeans are coming. And we are not the home team as we were in L.A. That is clearly significant."

THE 1984 U.S. TEAM CAME TO EARN A LOFTY BERTH IN THE hearts and minds of American fans. Fellows like Peters and Jacki realize U.S. expectations are too high going into these Olympics. They would like to stand on every street corner and scream a warning. They would like to tell everyone that had there not been a boycott in L.A., Mary Lou Retton would have been happy to win a couple of bronze or silver medals and go back home in relative anonymity. But who wants to rain on the parade?

Certainly not Karolyi, who says if he were in charge of the U.S. team, things would be different. "If I would have a free hand, I could line up a team that would be extremely competitive and would win a very nice medal."

But Peters, who has developed into Karolyi's arch rival, was in charge. Just the style of the two men on the floor invites conflict. Karolyi hugs his students, clasping their tiny, upward-tilted faces in his hands as he hypnotically repeats, "All right! That was great!" willing them to believe. Peters appears solemn, earnest, calm. His support for his students is not spoken but understood.

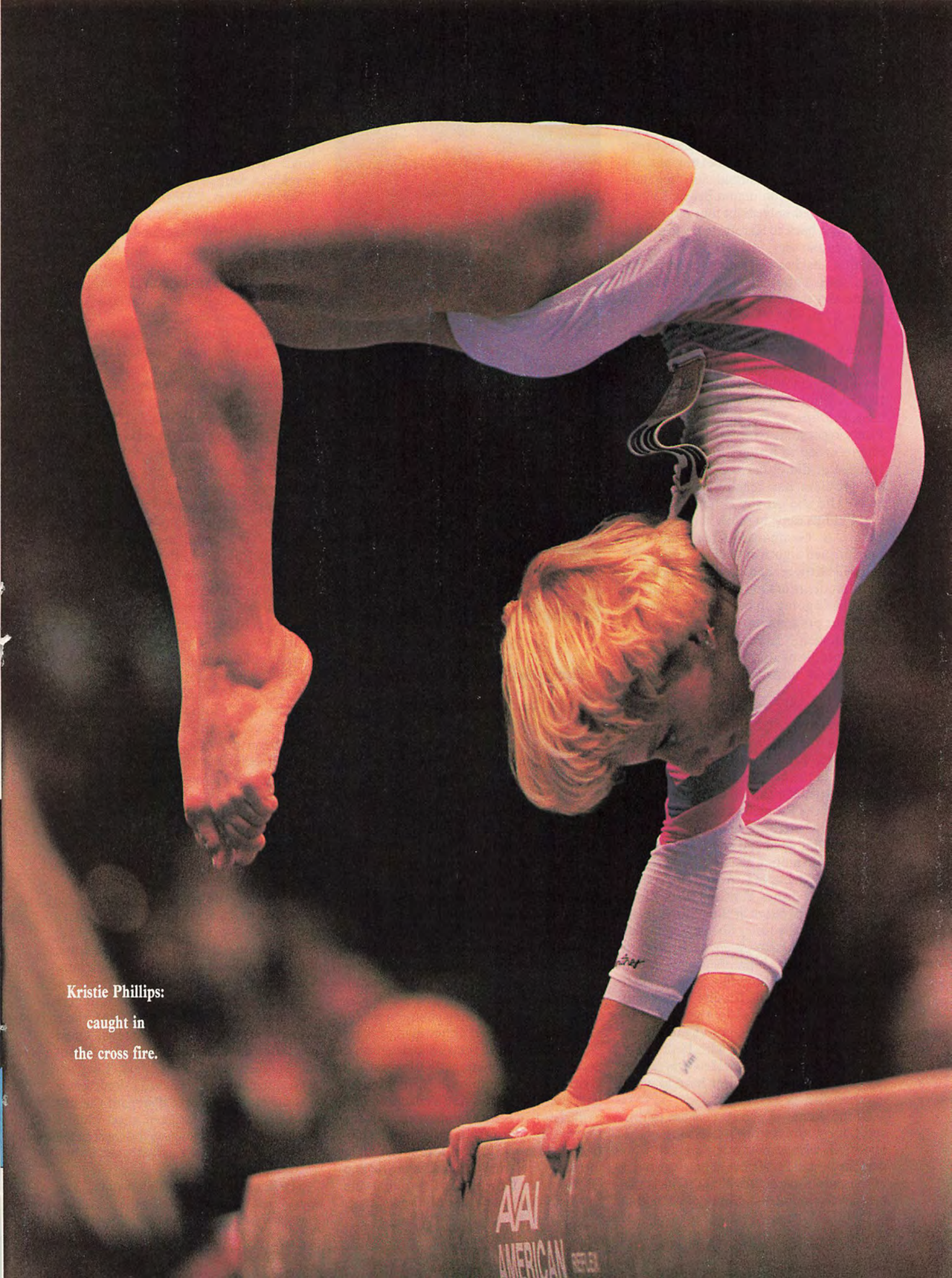
"The perception is it's going to be my fault," Peters said earlier this year. "I knew that when I accepted the job. But there's more to it than that. There's no boycott. If we're lucky, none of our good people get hurt, we have a shot at a medal."

More than luck and good health are involved. There is the not-so-little matter of adults playing childhood games, of turf wars, of fragile prepubescent athletes being tugged this way and that, all in the name of sport. To complicate matters, immediately after the Olympic Trials, Don Peters resigned, leaving the leadership of the team in disarray. Most gymnasts have become numb to the coaches' bickering, just as the Yankees seem to ignore the revolving door in their manager's office. But it's embarrassing.

"We are fighting more with each other than we are with our opponents," says Marsden, who was able to coach the University of Utah to six consecutive NCAA women's gymnastics championships but could not last six months as the national coach. "The game now is being played out by adults, not by athletes."

Personal infighting goes on in almost every sport, but there are very few where it can exact such a toll. Take the case of Phillips, the strawberry blonde whose back-bends on the balance beam made her an instant sensation at age 14. In the last year or so she grew four inches to 5-1, gained 11 pounds and a more mature figure, and lost her edge. She fell

by CHRISTINE BRENNAN

A full-page photograph of Kristie Phillips, a female gymnast, captured mid-backflip over a wooden vault. She is wearing a white long-sleeved leotard with pink and grey diagonal stripes. Her blonde hair is flying as she rotates. Her left leg is extended upwards, and her right leg is bent. She is barefoot. The vault is a wooden structure with the 'AAI AMERICAN' logo visible. The background is dark and out of focus, showing the silhouettes of spectators.

Kristie Phillips:
caught in
the cross fire.

AAI
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off the beam at the Pan American Games. She finished 45th at the world championships last October. Karolyi, her coach, did not accompany her to either competition, and she blamed him for deserting her. She then left Karolyi's Houston club for Peters' SCATS club in Huntington Beach, California, but stayed only about four months before going back to Karolyi to try to salvage her Olympic year.

Other coaches privately wonder if Karolyi sensed that Phillips was past her prime and turned his attention to others in his gym, like Phoebe Mills (age 15), Chelle Stack (15), Rhonda Faehn (17) and Brandy Johnson (15), who all made the Olympic team. Karolyi has a reputation for having a phenom-fix. He is a master motivator, while Peters is more of a technician. Phillips, so the story goes, went to Peters to get some remedial coaching help. She returned to Karolyi for a kick in the pants. But did either coach help her? Is the problem her coaching or her own body? Did she get any better? It appears not. Phillips came in ninth in the McDonald's U.S. Gymnastics Championships. She finished eighth at the Olympic Trials and will be the second alternate. There will be no students of Don Peters on the team.

"What's going on between the coaches hurts our program, no question about it," says Marsden. "You can't put 14 year olds in the middle of all this bickering and not expect them to be affected."

THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS mess, love him or hate him, is Karolyi. He was born in Transylvania, coached Nadia Comaneci, gained worldwide fame and defected to the United States in 1981. He and his wife, Martha (an assistant coach), were with the Rumanian team on a trip to New York when they decided to leave their homeland for good and come to America. He had little money. Eventually he found work on the docks of L.A. and in a restaurant washing dishes. A friend, Paul Ziert, the gymnastics coach at the University of Oklahoma at the time, finally hired him. A year later the Karolyis opened their own club in Houston. Now they have grown into three buildings, with a 50 acre ranch for themselves. There, Karolyi keeps a bull he named Gorbachev. After the '84 Olympics, he shared an advance of more than \$350,000 to write a book with Retton. He also has his own how-to video. It's safe to say Bela Karolyi will never have to wash another dish in his life.

Of the dozens of private coaches in this sport, it is Karolyi who attracts most of the attention, who is most often quoted, who gets the best kids. He has shot to the head of the class. Like Bobby Knight, he is the best coach around and, like Bobby Knight,



The Karolyi style
(here with Chelle Stack) is hands-on:
teach, guide and hug.

the most controversial. His peers don't like him. His peers wish they were him.

"Cameras love him, all huggy-kissy," says Milan Stanovich, coach of the Karon Gymnastics Center in Fairfax, Virginia. Reporters love him. In a world where coaches seem nondescript, his voice drips with a heavy Transylvanian accent, he has character: Karolyi calls Retton "Little Body," Mills is the "Dream Machine," all the rest are "Those Little Suckers."

Peters publicly says he has no problems with Karolyi. But friends and observers know Peters considers Karolyi, 46, a publicity hound who might just be sabotaging U.S. efforts by calling attention to himself, which included announcing his resignation as head of the U.S. delegation in Seoul during the nationally televised U.S. Gymnastics Championships in July. Peters, 39, has been quietly coaching U.S. gymnasts like Kathy Johnson and Sabrina Mar in Southern California for 15 years. It's safe to say he resents Karolyi's sudden intrusion onto the national scene, no matter how successful Karolyi's students are.

What Peters won't say, Mark Lee, coach

of the Rocky Mountain Gymnastics club in Salt Lake City (and of Olympic team member Melissa Marlowe) and a Peters pal, will. Lee cautions reporters about Karolyi: "You are stroking a puppy dog who is really a werewolf."

Lee continues, "TV is the lifeblood for Bela. Bela giving up live TV is like Dracula giving up a Red Cross blood drive. He is manipulating journalists and they don't even know it. The man is a Communist who has used capitalism to the ultimate."

Marsden, whom Karolyi called a "disaster," has this to say of Karolyi: "He's almost like an animated cartoon character. Here's this guy from Transylvania. You could dress him up like a vampire. He's a good story, but what's most disappointing about Bela is he hasn't been a team player. If he had made any effort to be a part of things, he could have owned gymnastics in this country."

If only Karolyi would play the game. He unabashedly promotes his gymnasts, disregarding the unwritten rules of amateur gymnastic competition—no grandstanding. "Before a meet I've seen Bela quoted as saying Phoebe Mills is the best gymnast," Stanovich says. "Believe it or not, that has an effect on the judges. It might be the difference between a 9.8 and a 9.9." (Tenth-points can make the difference between a first or second place finish.)

Karolyi answers by saying simply that others are jealous of him. "It's obvious. It's the same old jealousy from the non-producers. It's important the sport has a good image, healthy image. If I get publicity and can help the sport get publicity, that's good... For so long, they all have been living in a very happy mediocrity. They say I make them nervous. I say, 'Guys, go out and produce. Beat me.' Then I will be no one. No one will know me."

That is exactly what Jacki tells those coaches who call him and blurt into the phone: "You've got to get rid of Bela."

"I support Bela," says Jacki, who is powerless to make any drastic moves on his own. "He's a winner and I think he's got a tremendous amount to offer us. Sure, there are times when I get upset with him. There are times I get upset with Don, too."

"Bela is too good to not have him be a part of things. There is Ross Perot, there is Lee Iacocca, there is Bela Karolyi. Those guys are different. They are of different molds. They are a breed apart. They deserve their idiosyncrasies... I don't know if some of these people disregard the fact Bela constantly produces good kids. I imagine John Wooden was the most hated basketball coach in the nation when he was winning at UCLA, too."

"Jacki has to do what Bela wants," Lee says. "Bela's the show. Bela's the charisma."

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Bela's the power behind the TV coverage."

Bela drives even his friends nuts. Although he was not one of the team coaches for the Pan Am Games and world championships, he had gymnasts in both, including Phillips, and was invited by the USGF to attend. He showed up at neither.

Marsden, who said he had Karolyi's support until the day Marsden chose someone else as his assistant coach, personally invited Karolyi to Indianapolis. Marsden went to the airport to meet Karolyi. Karolyi's gymnasts filed off the plane, but no Bela.

"Did you make him sit in the back of the plane?" Marsden asked one of the girls cheerfully.

"No," one answered. "Bela's not coming."

Marsden was shocked.

"I had talked to him the day before and he said nothing about it," Marsden recounts. "I had per diem money for him, credentials, a hotel room. And he sat at home and told the TV people we didn't want him there."

Karolyi also didn't go to Rotterdam, site of the world championships in October. After the Pan Am Games he packed off his gymnasts to Australia for a few days while he went hunting in Alaska. Marsden said



Karolyi and Peters,
with arbiter Jacki: Now who's
in charge?

if he had ever done that at Utah, "I would have been fired." But Karolyi can't be fired, he's his own boss. He is a private club coach with no official affiliation to the USGF.

While Karolyi stayed home in Houston, Phillips went to Rotterdam without him and fell from grace. "Kristie was wholly not prepared," Marsden told the *Los Angeles Times*. "She wasn't physically prepared. I had calls from her mother complaining Bela was not preparing her and what could she do... At the world championships I sat in a room with Kristie and she cried because she had given her heart and soul for two years, helped [Karolyi] maintain his reputation and exposure and now he abandoned her."

Karolyi says he did no such thing. "I would not go as a tourist. I don't think it's proper to go as an uninvited individual, and I mean as someone who isn't a coach. Why do I want to go and watch somebody else's mistakes?" Perhaps Bela wanted to let everyone see the effect his absence could have on his students—and show why they must have him in Seoul.

What Bela Karolyi wanted then, and wanted before the Seoul Games, was to be the coach. When Marsden resigned, claiming he was not given the authority he

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had been promised, a meeting was called in January to pick a new coach. The USGF's Women's International Program Committee voted. Peters was chosen. Peters then picked his assistants. He did not pick Bela Karolyi, but did pick Martha Karolyi, an expert balance beam coach. Some say this was a strategic mistake. Had Peters picked Bela, he would have made him part of the system, blunting any further attacks. But no one believes Karolyi simply wants to be an assistant. He wants to be in charge.

Karolyi felt he was snubbed once again. Jacki moved to assuage Karolyi's feelings by appointing him head of the U.S. delegation, a ceremonial post. Karolyi appeared willing to wear this impromptu crown. Until he found out that he still wouldn't be allowed to coach at the Games. Peters said he did not want Karolyi on the floor. Karolyi said he didn't care what Peters thought, Karolyi was Peters' boss.

"I will not ask his permission," Karolyi said. "He will ask my permission."

"He's not my boss," Peters said. "He has no responsibility over the team and coaches."

Later the USGF informed Karolyi that it could not get him a floor pass but was hoping to wrangle a credential for him to get into training sessions and a seat near the floor. Karolyi resigned.

HE HAD BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE. In 1984 the USGF got him into Pauley Pavilion with a credential from an equipment manufacturer's representative. He couldn't be in the competitive area, so he stood beside it. He hugged Retton over a partition separating athletes from reporters.

Jacki believes Karolyi should be in the arena in Seoul. "Mary Lou won and Julianne McNamara [another Karolyi student] won in 1984. I've got to think his presence helped. If it did I'm damn glad to get him a credential."

As one might expect, Peters disagrees. He doesn't believe personal coaches belong at the Olympic Games. "It's a team and we want team unity. I want those kids to march out on the floor in Seoul as a team. I want them to fight together as a team. We lost that in Rotterdam. We looked like a Don King entourage. We had more coaches than kids. They were getting final instructions from four different people."

But even Peters thinks Karolyi should be in Seoul. There is no denying that Karolyi is the best known coach in his sport and is needed to schmooze the Eastern European judges. "His role is completely political, trying to help us," Peters says.

But Karolyi doesn't want to play that part. "It's time to pick the coach based on performance of his athletes," Karolyi says. "To

misuse resources because others are jealous is dumb. That's not why this country became great."

"If they were able to put aside their personal differences and shelve their personal agendas, they could help so much," Jacki says. "Yeah, they want to be the head coach. Yeah, they want to be the Grand Poobah. But now there should be a different focus. This isn't Don's team. This isn't Bela's team. This is the United States' team."

Same people, same event, four years later. On August 8, after Don Peters resigned as head coach of the U.S. women's gymnastics team, Mike Jacki announced that there would be no new head coach but that the personal coaches of each member (Bela Karolyi, Mark Lee, who you will remember, thinks of Karolyi as a "werewolf," Becky Buwick and Bill and Donna Strauss) will accompany their students to Seoul. Is this the end of the relationship between Don Peters and the USGF? Will there be medals? Will the athletes continue to grow older while the coaches stay adolescents? If this seems like a cliff-hanger ending, that may be putting too kind a face on it. For the truth is that the women's gymnastics team may have already gone over the edge. ★

Christine Brennan writes for the Washington Post.

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I GAIL DEVERS ROBERTS *TRACK AND FIELD*

In 1984, when she was winning the 100 meter dash and 100 meter hurdles at the California state high school championship meet, Gail Devers Roberts got a tip from Bob Kersee, who had just recruited her for UCLA. "Bobby told me to watch the 100 meters and the hurdles at the Olympics," she remembers. "I said, 'Yeah, Bobby, right? I didn't believe him.'" Now Kersee, Devers Roberts herself and the entire track world are convinced. The multitasking Devers Roberts—she sprints, she hurdles, she jumps, she runs relays—is just 21 and just 5-4, but she's the fastest combination sprinter/hurdler the U.S. has ever seen.

Since arriving at UCLA, Devers Roberts has been the planet's busiest trackwoman. At the 1987 Pac-10 championships, for instance, she won the 100, the hurdles, the 200, the long jump and anchored victorious 4x100 and 4x400 relays. In 1988, with an eye toward Seoul, she lightened her load, which enabled her to focus on her first individual NCAA title, a wind-aided 10.86 100 meters that annihilated a talented field.

Devers Roberts, with a pre-1988 hurdles best of 13.08, attracted even more attention by cracking the U.S. record in the high hurdles twice this spring, bringing it down to 12.61. That positions her as a likely hurdles finalist in Seoul, where she'll face Bulgarian big shots Ginka Zagorcheva (12.25) and Yordanka Donkova (12.26). Those two have pushed each other in training much as Gail is motivated by someone her coach knows well. Kersee's wife, Jackie Joyner-Kersee, duplicated Gail's 12.61 this spring; in practice, Gail and Jackie glide over hurdles side by side (Joyner-Kersee, keying on the heptathlon and long jump, won't be in the hurdles in Seoul). Gail, who will participate in only the hurdles (she pulled herself out of the 100 meter final to concentrate on the hurdles; she may run as part of the 4x100 relay team) at Seoul, set a U.S. Olympic meet record of 12.83

in a preliminary round. She placed second at the Olympic Trials finals in Indianapolis with a 12.90 to Jackie Humphrey's 12.88.

Gail Devers Roberts would have been better known to track fans by now if not for her disappointing fourth place in the 100 meters at the 1987 TAC championships, which kept her out of the world championships in Rome. Later in the year, however, she beat TAC titlist Diane Williams twice, once in a gold medal effort at the Pan American Games. In West Berlin she defeated Pam Marshall, another Rome qualifier, clocking 10.98, then the fourth fastest American time ever recorded.

With collegiate responsibilities behind her, and hamstring problems in check, Devers Roberts may have just given us an inkling of what she can do. She has more raw speed than any of the other top hurdlers in the world, and adjustments are being made to improve her technique. "In the past I wasn't really hurdling," Devers Roberts explains. "I'd take my speed to the hurdles and hop over them. This year we wanted to take my speed through the hurdles." Obeying instructions to run as if there were no hurdles in the way, Gail is using a more vigorous sprinter's arm-swing, which gives her momentum to get her lead leg over more quickly.

Devers Roberts, a Baptist minister's daughter from San Diego, is now the shortest and youngest female standout on Bob Kersee's other team, the World Class Athletic Club. Her august teammates, besides Joyner-Kersee, include Marshall and Valerie Brisco. "You know basically where your competition is coming from," Gail says. "Being around them, they help me a lot." The WCAC, says Bob, "is like a family. One day a large family can get along. The next day they're like cats and dogs. There's harmony, then chaos."

But she and Jackie are, above all, buddies. When, in her biggest disappointment of the spring, Gail smacked into a hurdle and faded to third in the NCAA's, it was Jackie who winced worst

TONY DUFFY/ALISPORT USA



◆◆◆ Devers Roberts: A sprinter's speed and arm-swing to clear the hurdles.

of all. As for relationships—well, Gail did find time between the NCAA meet and the Olympic Trials to marry former UCLA miler Ron Roberts. "I ran Sunday, the day after we got married," she confesses; she beat Brisco and Alice Brown in a 100 meter dash.

At 5-4, Devers Roberts runs more like 5-7. Her legs are long; she has the same stride length and turnover rate as her taller op-

ponents. Because of her proportions, her hips are in front of her arms in the starting blocks, which may abet her acceleration, balance and momentum.

Kersee, mentor of champions, observes, "You develop a game plan. Gail sticks to it. She's never really gone against me or second-guessed me." Track consumes the bulk of her time. Otherwise, she says, "Basically I stay in the house. I watch TV a lot. I'm a Lucy fan."

Gail is outwardly reserved; her effusive husband celebrates his wife's achievements more demonstrably. Quietly her energies and her sights are focusing on her athletic mission. By June she had already reaped a year's worth of accomplishments, "I never like to set limits to myself." Even facing the hurdling tandem from Bulgaria doesn't faze her. "It's a challenge. When I ran 12.71, second was 13.80. I was running by myself. When I practice with Jackie, someone's right next to me. It makes me concentrate."

In the past four years she's been in the starting blocks more often than any other elite sprinter/hurdler. Remembering what it was all for when she lines up in Seoul won't be a problem for Gail Devers Roberts. The most improved American track star of 1988 is still making huge progress. In the Olympic hurdles, she could blossom at precisely the right time.—*Peter Gambaccini*

T THE HUNGARIAN TEAM SWIMMING

The United States has 131,894 registered swimmers crawling, stroking and butterflying their way to glory in nearly five million pools. Hungary's 2,000 swimming competitors practice in *nine* Olympic-size pools and are forced to share every one of them with assorted divers, water polo teams and even the general public. Yet, next to the fearsome East Germans, this tiny nation of 10 million that gave the world goulash and Zsa Zsa Gabor is also the best bet to give America its most heated competition in the pool at Seoul.



*** Darnyi: One of Hungary's two champions in one of its nine pools.

The secret? Jozsef Nagy smiles. "Forgive my immodesty, but there is no secret," says Nagy, one of the chief architects of the Hungarian Explosion. "It's just that since we're so small and poor and must prepare under such abominable circumstances, we have to try harder. In the U.S., due to the huge number of competitors, coaches can kind of afford to wait for world-class

talents to emerge. We, on the other hand, must *create* talent. I have tremendous respect for American coaches, but I believe that in developing stroke technique and in the use of psychology and physiology, Hungarian coaches are the best in the world."

The Hungarians have revolutionized the breaststroke. While the conventional breastroker propels himself with mostly pure leg power, Hungarian coaches have devised a "rolling" breaststroke, which divides power more evenly between the arms and legs and lessens the pressure on the lower body. Swimmers are also taught to come higher out of the water and to develop a smoother stroke. This way, they expend less energy and can concentrate more on lap strategy and pacing.

Although some international coaches dismiss these technical innovations—U.S. national coach Richard Quick says the Hungarians "don't do anything different, they just work harder than anyone else"—the results are startling. Because of a lack of funds, the country has no formal national swimming program or even a national coach. Yet Hungary currently boasts two world champions and, despite tough qualifying standards, is expected to send a dozen competitors to Seoul.

The top Hungarian prospect is 1987 world swimmer of the year Tamas Darnyi. Darnyi, the current world champion and world recordholder in the 200 and 400 meter individual medleys, trains six hours a day in the water and two hours in the gym. "He's not even that exceptionally gifted physically," says Tamas Szechy, Darnyi's coach. "It's all in his head and heart. Tamas has the capacity to simply outwork everyone else in the world."

That conditioning invariably pays off. Darnyi is often behind his competitors before the freestyle phase of the IM (the individual medley comprises four different strokes: butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke and freestyle) only to leave his opponents in his wake, treading water. The 20 year old achieved Top 10 listings in all 13 individual Olympic swimming events last year in Hungary, ranking first in seven. He hasn't lost an IM race in three years.

Four years ago, Darnyi suffered a detached retina in one eye after being hit by a snowball. He was cautioned never to swim again. "I think it was that very adversity that made him mentally even stronger, even more able to pay the price of becoming a champion," adds Nagy. Darnyi is a favorite to win both IM golds at Seoul and may be the first ever to break two minutes in the 200 IM.

The latest and most fascinating creation may be 13 year old Krisztina Egerszegi. Egerszegi (pronounced EGG-er-seggy)—who stands barely 5-3 and is appropriately nicknamed Little Mouse—improved her time in the 200 meter backstroke by a remarkable eight-plus seconds last year, leaving her a mere 3.26 seconds off the world record. Last December in Orlando, she beat the best in the world at the U.S. Open. "Betsy [Mitchell, the U.S. and world recordholder] had better watch out," says Nagy. "The Little Mouse is going to bite her in Seoul." If she does, Egerszegi will be the youngest swimmer ever to win an Olympic gold medal.

There are others. The technically perfect Jozsef Szabo is the current world champion in the 200 meter breaststroke (Szabo has been hampered by an ailing right knee and may not be at full strength in Seoul). Karoly Guttler, who ranked just seventh in his own country a year ago in the 100 meter breaststroke, improved 4½ seconds and now is a world-class contender and medal favorite. Backstroker Tamas Deutsch has turned in the world's fifth best time in the 200 (2.01.91) this year. Peter Szabo crashed the world's Top 10 in the 200 meter breaststroke in 1987. And 14-year-old long distance freestyler Judit Csabai, a total unknown from Nyiregyhaza, exploded out of nowhere for a bronze at last year's European Championships.

"It takes more time to become a coach in Hungary than to become a medical doctor," complains Szechy, who spent 11 years getting his doctorate in physical education. But the results might work miracles.

—Tom Kertes

DENISE PARKER ARCHERY

Archery is history's oldest sport involving equipment. But, archery has never seen the likes of Denise Parker. At 5-3 and 100 pounds, and still growing, the talented teenager from South Jordan, Utah, is head and shoulders above all other women archers in the United States. She's the Pan American Games champion and the first U.S. woman to surpass 1300 points (out of a possible 1440) in competition. In the four day Olympic Trials in Oxford, Ohio, last June, Denise dominated quite handily.



FOCUS ON SPORTS

♦♦♦ Parker: Youngest master of the world's oldest sport.

Denise Parker is 14 years old. A junior high school kid and she rules her sport.

Gymnasts and, occasionally, swimmers may achieve supremacy by age 14, but master archers are almost always in their 20s. Her success seems remarkable to everyone except Denise herself. "I just take it in stride," she explains. "I just think it's fun."

Earl Parker, a newspaper printer and avid hunter, decided four years ago he'd like to stalk deer with a bow and arrow. "We run together, we fish together, we're a close family," says Denise's mother, Valerie, so she and her daughter signed up for archery lessons. Five months later, in a local meet at Weber State University, 10-year-old Denise took second place.

Soon she was capturing almost every age group title; she currently holds 10 junior national records. Then, at the 1987 U.S. indoor championships, a funny thing happened. "We only signed her up as a junior girl," recalls Valerie. "But Denise's score beat all the women." Clearly, Denise, the aspiring 1992 or 1996 Olympian, was ahead of schedule. Doubts persisted about whether she could shoot from the longest outdoor distance for women, 70 meters, but that, too, would prove no obstacle when the Pan Am title fell into her youthful clutch.

The new archery champ is a kid who is literally changing every day. She has grown four inches in the past year and a half. Adjustments in the draw weight of her bow and the length of her arrows are made almost monthly. Denise Parker is an all-around athlete—next winter she'll worry about making her ninth grade basketball team—who gravitated to archery "probably because it was an Olympic sport, and I was good at it." She's all alone

at her mark, too, but that didn't bother a girl whose two brothers were a decade older. "I grew up alone," she observes. "I've always been independent."

The National Archery Association's executive director, Christine McCartney, calls Parker "a natural athlete. She doesn't destroy herself. She's got it together between the ears." Mom Valerie adds, "She doesn't let things affect her. The more pressure, the better she performs." In the best Eighties' tradition, Denise's competitive resolve has been honed by a sports psychologist, who has her doing visualization, relaxation and concentration exercises. She practices archery three to five hours a day, six days a week. There are also two weekly one hour sessions of aerobics, with some running thrown in.

Something works. Other archers, stronger than Denise, have a flatter and faster arc to their arrows. Right-handed for most tasks, Denise shoots left-handed because her left eye is dominant. "Consistency is the most important thing," she insists. "When I shoot I critique my form. If it's right, the arrows will go in."

Olympic individual archery is a four day grind requiring mental and physical stamina. Denise and other competitors (her major rivals will come from the Soviet Union, China, East Germany and South Korea) will be facing a new wrinkle called the Grand FITA (for the Federation Internationale de Tir a l'Arc). After the first two days the top 24 scorers effectively start again at zero. Elimination rounds will then reduce the field to 18, then 12 and finally eight, with archers commencing each round from scratch again.

The Grand FITA is meant to provide more head-to-head action and enhance spectator interest. "It's different," admits Denise. "I don't think it's a good way to shoot. I'm gonna have to get used to it." The innovation makes archery harder to handicap. "I think I could win a medal if I get to the final round. If I get to the final, anything can happen," Denise says. American women won archery golds in 1972 and 1976, but were shut out of the medals in 1984.

Whatever happens in Seoul, archery's greatest prodigy acknowledges, "I'll be around for quite a while." She may be an Olympian into the 21st Century. Meanwhile there's one other goal on the agenda. "We still haven't gotten an animal," mom Valerie says of the deer-stalking, bow-toting Parkers. Ultimately, Denise may find that prey easier than the Grand FITA. —P.G.

W

INSOOK BHUSHAN TABLE TENNIS

When the International Olympic Committee declared table tennis a full medal sport for the 1988 Summer Games, Insook Bhushan went to work. Not only did the announcement spark her return to the sport after a long layoff, it promised a return to her homeland.

In 1974, after four seasons as a world-class player on South Korea's national team, Bhushan left her home and table tennis behind for a new life in the United States. Bhushan, now a seven time U.S. table tennis champ and naturalized citizen, will represent the U.S. in both the women's singles and doubles events at Seoul.

"I was feeling completely burned out mentally," says Bhushan, explaining her long absence from the sport. "At that point I'd



◆◆◆ Bhushan: Slow and steady chopper in a sport of 100 mph volleys.

already been playing for 10 years. And, because it is *the* national sport there and they take it awfully seriously, that meant at least five hours of practice six days a week. I was more than ready to do some other things with my life."

She directed her energies toward marriage, motherhood (she now has two sons) and a college education at the University of Colorado in Denver. Although she originally had no intention of continuing competitive play, table tennis remained a small part of her life in the States.

"I learned right quick that, in order to be really worthwhile in this country, you have to be exceptional at something," says Bhushan, now 36. "So I started playing again—just a little."

It tells volumes about the state of the sport in this part of the world that Bhushan, playing recreationally ("An hour or two, maybe twice a week," she says) instantly became the best American woman and, in fact, the top female table tennis player in the entire Western Hemisphere.

"I don't mean to hurt anybody's feelings," says the winner of seven Pan Am gold medals, "but once you've been at world level, it's impossible to take table tennis here seriously. The standard of play is basically a joke."

Bhushan rushed back into fulltime training last December. She commutes three hours from her home outside Denver to the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs to practice each day. In November 1987 at the North American Olympic Trials (the International Table Tennis Federation has allocated Olympic berths on a continental basis), Bhushan dominated the women's singles event with a perfect record in 11 matches. Due to the absence of practice partners even approaching her level of play in this country, the U.S. Table Tennis Association arranged for a six-week team training camp in China to prepare for the Games.

Dominated by the Chinese and Koreans, the international sport of table tennis has lately been elevated to new heights. The game is now characterized by attacking, offensive-minded play, requiring lightning quick reflexes and footwork and a greater emphasis on the serve. Educated in the headier old school of play, Bhushan is a tactical chopper, or defender. Yet, even with ball speeds of 100 miles per hour, the game has not passed her by.

"Insook's playing better than ever," says Bob Thretheway, the national program director of the USTTA. "The stylistic changes table tennis has gone through won't affect her that much because she's a traditional chopper. So as always, she'll just return everything, never make a mistake and wait for you to blow the point. Insook is extremely nerve-wracking to play."

"There's new technique, new equipment and players are even changing rubbers and glue right before a match, an unheard of thing to do in my time," says Bhushan. "But with all the attack-

ing athletes around, no one likes to face me. Few players have an opportunity to play, much less practice against, a chopper these days. And no one likes to face the unknown in table tennis."

In a game where a premium is placed on youth and quickness (Bhushan's U.S. Olympic teammates Diana Gee and Sean O'Neill are 19 and 21 years old, respectively), the odds would seem long against a 36 year old with even the *same* style. All the same, Bhushan hasn't lost her touch. Last February at the German Open, she defeated both West German national champion Olga Nemes and France's Brigitte Thiriet, the 20th and 40th ranked players in the world. The competition at Seoul will be wide open, and with a decent draw in the field of 48, Bhushan could move into medal contention.

As for the obvious sentiment surrounding her return home to South Korea, Bhushan is more matter of fact than wistful. "I've been in this country for a long time now and frankly I feel much more American than Korean," she says pointedly. "I guess it'll be nice to see some old friends, but really, I see all this outside stuff much more as a distraction than anything else. And I'm too serious about the Olympics to allow anything to distract me. I'm going there to win."

—T.K.

J

CAITLIN BILODEAUX

FENCING

Jackie Joyner-Kersey, the world's long jump and heptathlon champion, has been widely declared America's greatest female athlete. Who's second? Remember the name Caitlin Bilodeaux.

Bilodeaux, as you undoubtedly haven't heard, is a two-time national and NCAA champion in women's foil and is this country's leading female fencer "by far," in the estimation of Columbia University's director of fencing, George Kolombatovich, and just about anyone else qualified to speak on the matter. Caitlin Bilodeaux may be becoming America's brightest hope in a sport dominated by Europeans.

Bilodeaux, 23, the second youngest among the top 10 U.S. women fencers, experienced her first sustained exposure to European fencing this year, entering six overseas tournaments. She was shocked at the superiority of the Old World style. "Everything is based on wasting the least amount of time to get where you want to go. You don't see people get hit for stupid things, like getting touched in the same spot seven times in a row." Bilodeaux's best showing in Europe was a 12th place in Turin, Italy. "That was a big breakthrough," she asserts. Her grand tour of the continent was educational but, she sighs, "I wish I'd had a chance to go there before. For one year it's okay, but I don't know if that's enough to really compete against those people."

Bilodeaux is no slouch;

U.S. FENCING ASSOC.



◆◆◆ Bilodeaux: A Yank at last in King Arthur's sport.

she is fully capable of bridging the gap between herself and Europe's finest. At 5-7 and 140 pounds she's a phenomenally well-conditioned athlete. When Kolombatovich first met her, he gave her a lesson for 75 minutes, four times longer than is typical. "You usually stop because a student gets tired," he notes. "Katy just didn't. She has tremendous endurance."

In four American "circuit events," which weigh heavily toward determining the personnel of the U.S. Olympic team, Caitlin had three first places and a second, losing to a Canadian but never falling to a countrywoman. No other U.S. fencer had more than one second place. Beginning last December, Caitlin sharpened her skills in nearly 20 tournaments before June's national championships, which took place in a Chicago gym with no air conditioning as outdoor temperatures reached 100 degrees. She lost to Sharon Monplaisir—an extremely rare defeat at the hands of an American foe. Bilodeaux's Olympic position had already been assured.

Before she became preeminent at swordplay she was the soccer player of the year in Massachusetts. And the kid from Concord was an all-American in lacrosse on an Eastern Massachusetts title team.

"I loved lacrosse and soccer, but whenever I was training I'd think it was for fencing, too," Bilodeaux explains. At 16 she captured the first of four under-20 U.S. titles in fencing, and "at that age I decided this was my sport." She relished the onus it placed on the individual. "In fencing, you win, *you* win. You lose, *you* lose."

But she didn't forsake the others easily. Until, as a sophomore at Columbia, she broke her nose playing soccer. Aladar Kogler, the head coach of Columbia's fencers, gave her an ultimatum: Focus on the foil only. As a junior, she recalls, "for awhile I went to soccer *and* fencing practice and didn't tell him."

Caitlin is an aggressive, attacking fencer with quick, abrupt, economical movements and a never-say-die attitude. In last year's Pan American Games final she was down 6-4 to Canada's Madeline Phillion but scored four straight hits to take the gold medal. She combines speed with grace, although the latter trait failed her on a fateful afternoon recently when she was painting the Montreal apartment she now occupies with her husband, Candian saber fencer Jean Marie Banos. She leaned back on a ladder, plunging her carefully cultivated foot-long braid into a bucket of white paint. "I'd been meaning to cut it anyway."

In Montreal, she trains with Canada's male Olympians. "I have to," she stresses. "For the timing, the form, it does a lot for me at the level I'm competing at in Europe." Her training includes squash games and short sprints ("acceleration is important in fencing") and footwork drills to help master the minute changes of direction required in a match.

Of more immediate interest is Seoul and then the 1989 world championships in Indianapolis, the first time they've been held in the United States after more than 30 years. "I'm happy for me. We can meet the Europeans on our own ground. In the U.S., you wake up, you're in your own environment. Even if it's in another city, I feel at home." In Europe, she says, "you're always struggling, like there's some film to get out from behind." Caitlin has indeed fared well domestically. In the Chicago Challenge last December, she beat 1984 Olympic champ Luan Jujie of China, who's still among the world's top three fencers.

With remarkable poise, a solid temperament and probably the greatest athletic ability fencing has seen in this country, Caitlin knows that expectations are high for her. "I know if I train harder my best shot is in '92," she says. That's the long view. But in fencing, where matches are over in minutes and points last a matter of moments, things can happen quickly. And at the Olympics, so can fame.

—P.G.



VLADO DIVAC BASKETBALL

With the current poorer-than-ever market in big men, National Basketball Association scouts are going out of their way to secure the services of any promising young center. But all the way to Kralevo, Yugoslavia? Meet Vlado Divac, 20 year old starting center for the Yugoslavian National Team and an odds-on lottery choice in the 1990 NBA draft.

The 6-11, 235 pound Divac (pronounced dee-VACH) has been playing the game for only four years at the top level, but is already being hailed as a prodigy. "Between his club [Partizan Belgrade], the junior national team *and* the national squad, he's managed to get oodles of experience in a short time," says Marist College associate coach Bogdan Jovicic. "Last year, for instance, he played in 110 games [the regular NBA season spans just 82 games]. This guy is the most amazing combination of power and agility I've ever seen."

"This is the best, young big guy in Europe," says Pacers GM Donnie Walsh, who recently attended the European Zone Olympic Qualifying Tournament in Rotterdam. "He has a chance to become one of the best big guys anywhere. From what I've seen, this kid justifies any expense."

Divac—who loves pinball and Coca-Cola—has a 17-foot shooting range and a rich variety of post moves. The sole chink in his shiny armor may be a lack of concentration on the defensive end. "That's understandable," explains Jovicic. "[The game] is still at the stage there where scoring is far more appreciated than a great defensive sequence or a strong rebound. But Vlado has all the physical ability to play great defense. He'll just have to work on his mind-set a bit."

The Yugoslavian National Team, which won the Olympic gold medal in 1980, placed second to the Soviets in Rotterdam. Yugoslavia will face off against the Soviets again in Seoul; the winner of that game will undoubtedly face the John Thompson-led U.S. team in the gold-medal final.

Next April, FIBA (the Federation Internationale de Basketball Amateur) is expected to approve a change in eligibility rules that will allow NBA players to compete in world championships and the Olympics. The effect of "open" basketball would also free European players from their club contracts to pursue NBA careers as free agents. The Celtics are already courting Divac, although he must wait until 1990 (Europeans must be 22 to be drafted by NBA teams) to join the pro ranks.

"They're protecting him like he was one of those beautiful ancient buildings in Belgrade," says Jovicic of Yugoslavia's restrictions over NBA contact with Divac. "But when he's able to come here and show his stuff, I guarantee you American fans will have something really special to behold."

For now, you'll have to settle for a preview in Seoul. —T.K.



◆◆◆ Divac (right):
Odds-on lottery pick in
the 1990 NBA draft.

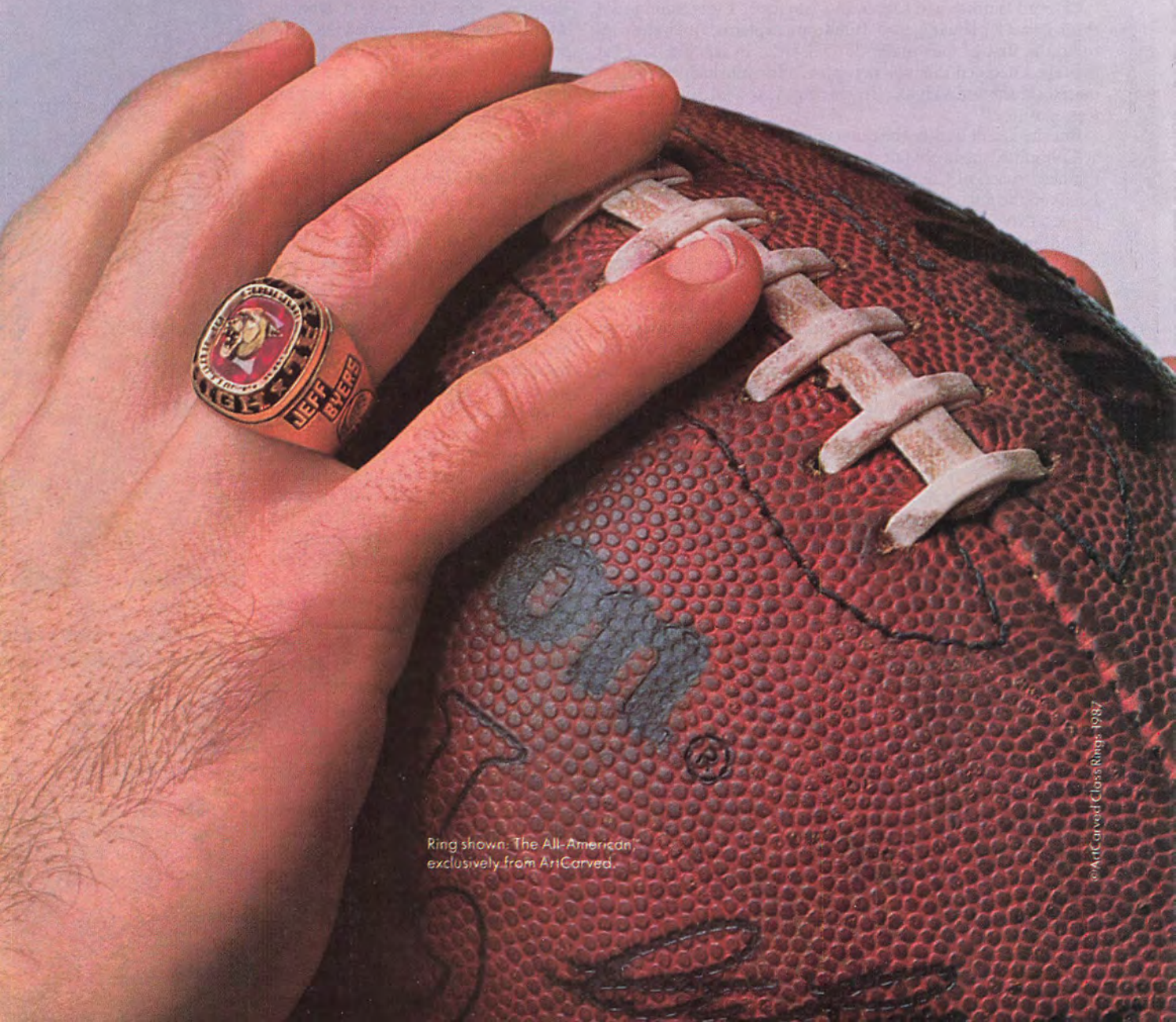
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THE KOREA KID

**Performing in front of
the hometown crowd is hard. When the
hometown is Seoul,
the pressure can be unbearable.**

Shovelings his lunch from his tray to his mouth, Ahn Dae Hyun shakes his head to say that he will not talk. The talk will inevitably be preceded by The Question and Ahn does not want to answer The Question anymore. Year after year and now day after day people have come to Ahn and have asked "Will you win a gold medal?" asking not so much to inquire but to remind him that he must.

Ahn, a 136-pound Greco-Roman wrestler with cauliflower ears, is not at ease when he wins. There was talk of South Korea winning 15 gold medals at the Seoul Games. Then the projection was reduced to 10, then eight and now six. People tell Ahn that one of these six might be him. He wishes they would keep these thoughts to themselves. When ideas of national glory seep into his mind, Ahn's thinking gets cluttered.

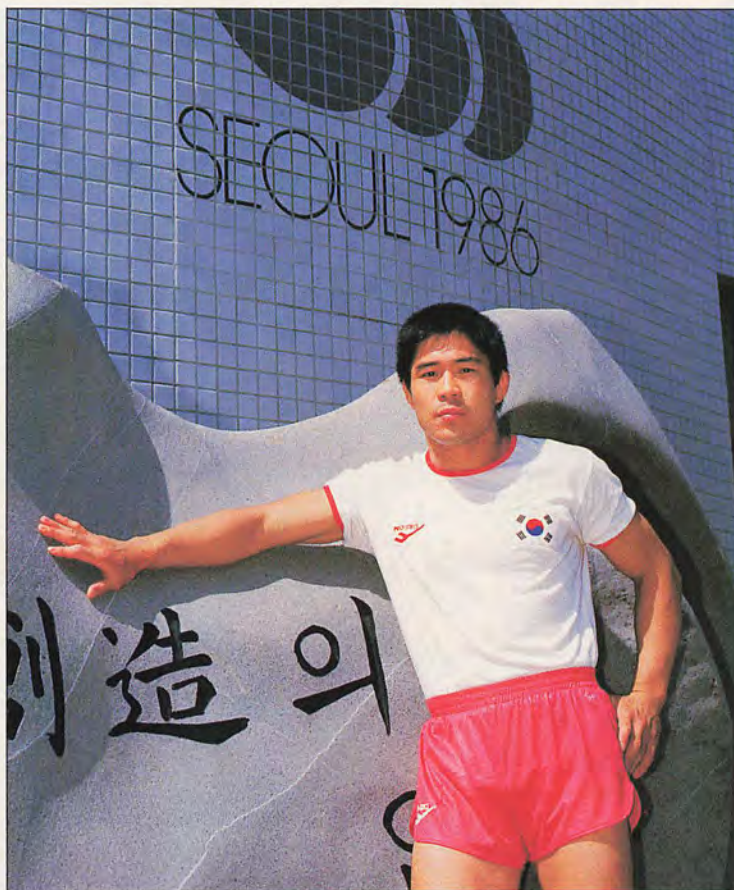
"At international events, when I win, I feel more anxiety than any savoring of victory," says Ahn, 28. "I become tense. I can't set my mind in order. I haven't even won a gold medal, yet everybody is calling me a gold medal hopeful. They're saying it so much that I feel I've already won a gold medal. And then I lose concentration. They expect so much from me that it's interfering with my training."

This has happened before. Two years ago,

before the Asian Games in Seoul, people came to Ahn and told him that he was going to win a gold medal. South Korea had a strong wrestling team, and Ahn seemed an easy winner. He listened to the boosterish talk and lost to Japan's Seiichi Osanai in the finals. In South Korea, losing to Japan, which colonized the nation for 35 harsh years, is almost as bad as losing to North Korea. "In Greco-Roman wrestling Korea won six gold medals and I thought I'd win, too. But I lost," he says. "We have a saying in Korea, 'If you know your enemy you can win.'"

AHN'S HOME FOR THE past four years has been the Taenung Sports Center, South Korea's Olympic training facility on the outskirts of Seoul. It is quiet there, and that makes it feel very far from Seoul, a city which proceeds at a scream. Ahn rises at 6:15 AM for morning aerobics with the other Olympic athletes and then breaks off to practice with the other wrestlers. They retire to a vast, dimly lit training room covered with rubber matting. They strip off their shirts and pair off by weight and begin the tugging and dragging of their craft. At-

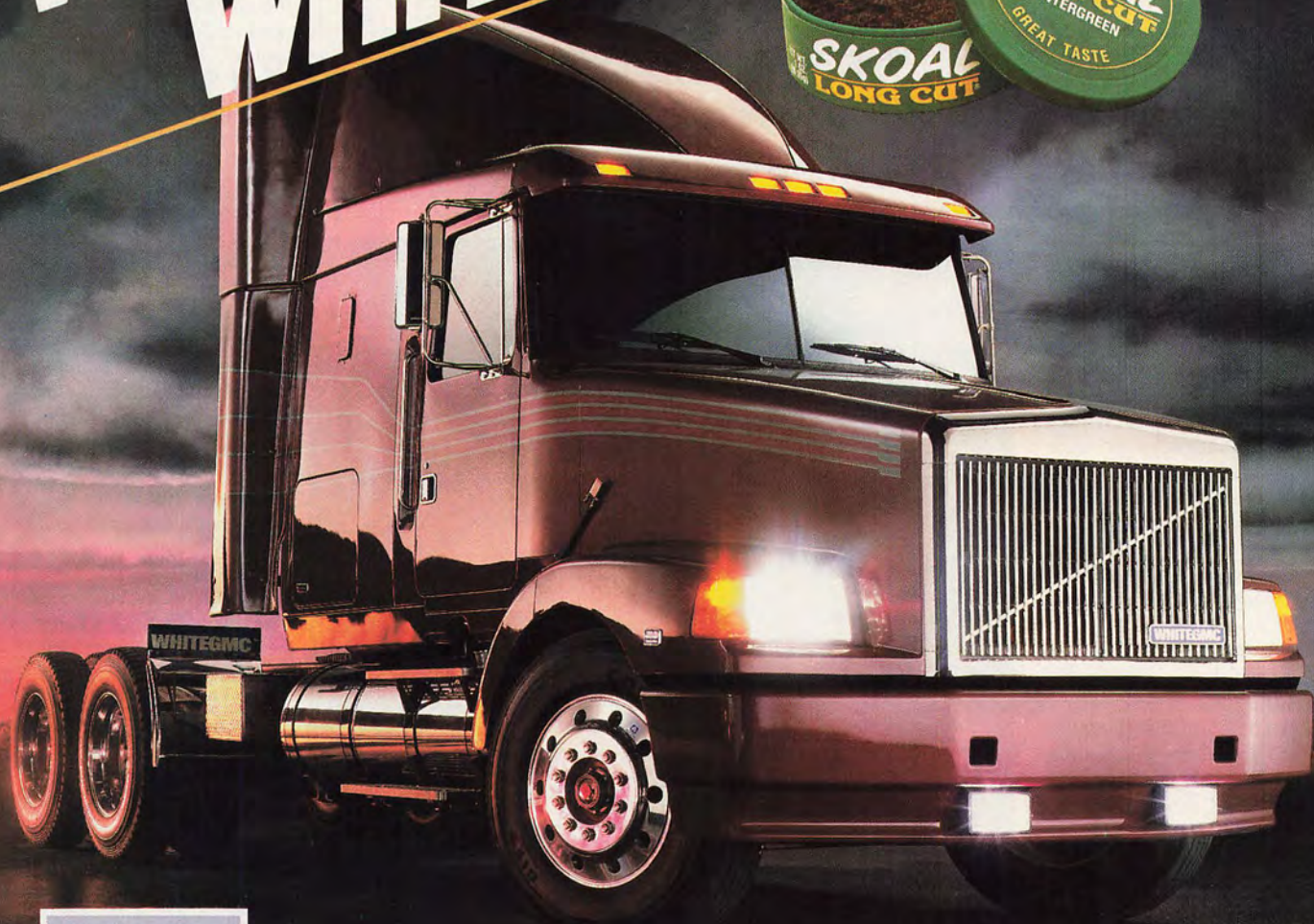
tendants spend the day with sponges, wiping the sweat of the wrestlers from the mats. When the wrestlers are not wrestling each other, they are on their bellies, dragging



CHARLIE COLE

by MICHAEL SHAPIRO

THE SKOAL MAN SWEEPSTAKES WIN A \$100,000** WHITE GMC RIG



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themselves across the mats, imaginary foes on their backs.

"In basketball or volleyball at least you have a ball to play with," Ahn says. "But in wrestling it is man against man. I've been doing this for 10 years and it's just hard work. For foreign athletes, sports is an extension of a hobby. They do it because they like it. But in Korea I must say that besides prestige, money enters into it [a gold medalist not only wins a sizeable cash reward, but can assure himself of a lifetime stipend]. Even though we have advanced economically, sports is still about earning a living."

That is the simple part, which is what Ahn wishes it all could be, even if it cannot. Inevitably there are complications, complications which take on a heightened form in Korea, a small, crowded country where everyone shares the same language and heritage but where the merest slight can mean a grudge that lasts a lifetime.

Take for instance Ahn's position on the team. He is neither the oldest or youngest, which means that he has both seniors to whom he must defer and juniors who must defer to him. He skirts a narrow line. If a senior, as is his right, insists that Ahn wash his laundry, Ahn will not simply pass the demand along to one of his juniors. He could. But that would only worsen the resentment he senses his teammates harbor for all the attention he receives.

"When I'm training I have to set a model for others because I do receive more attention," Ahn says. "I restrain myself a lot. I'm more conscious of my actions." How can he answer The Question if, as Ahn says, "Even if a Korean athlete was confident of winning, he wouldn't say it."

Yet as difficult as it can be to maintain domestic tranquility in the small world-within-a-small-world in which Ahn lives, it is harder still to maintain peace within himself—a fate he shares with his countrymen. The Koreans have a word for the bitterness they regard as theirs alone: that word is *han*. Life is spent accumulating the hurt feelings and sadness that combine to create *han* and then attempting to make the feelings go away. If others feel the *han* of political repression or the longest average working day in the world, then Ahn feels the *han* of defeat, in particular his defeat at the Asian Games.

"I've been to many international sports events," he says. "You win and you lose. Men have limits. I have limits. But in Korea if you lose it becomes *han*, an unresolved *han*. If I win, I can resolve my *han*."

It is unlikely that Ahn will resolve the bitter sentiment he harbors at this Olympic Games. He has relatively little international experience against topflight competition. His weight class is dominated by

the traditionally strong Soviet Union and Bulgaria. Yet the Korean Amateur Sports Association has singled Ahn out, placing an enormous weight upon his small shoulders. Alone, he now faces the blinding glare of national scrutiny.

ALL AROUND HIM IN THE TRAINING camp, athletes fight their respective enemies. At the archery range, young women stand poised in a row, launch a quiver of arrows, walk to the target, pluck the arrows and then walk back, never looking at each other or saying a word. In the weightlifting room, the brawny men stand alone, contemplating their cast-iron burdens. There is something about the stakes in Korea that gives the paces of training an

**"Even if
a Korean athlete was
confident
of winning," Ahn
says,
"he wouldn't say it."**

almost tragic quality, as if for each success, for each victory, there remains another contest not won.

Ahn Dae Hyun lies on his back on the matted floor, gasping. He has sweated through his blue tights. He flips a yellow towel over his shoulder, gulps a mouthful of water and works the water around his mouth as he walks to the weights and pulleys. He picks up two dumbbells and sits on a bench. He does his curls, his arms weakening in the final pulls. He drops the dumbbells and wipes his face with the towel, laces his fingers together and, for a moment, drops his head.

Then, once again, he reaches for the weights. ★

Tokyo-based freelance writer Michael Shapiro has recently completed a book about Japan and is at work on a book on Korea.

THE SKOAL MAN SWEEPSTAKES

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STROKER ACE

**American swim “factories” have produced
many of the world’s
best swimmers. But they didn’t produce
Janet Evans.**

In the motel room across from the packing plant I sit bolt upright and look at the clock. I’m already late. It’s 5:30 in the morning, and a mile down the Santa Fe tracks, in the cool dark, Janet Evans is already slipping into the clean water.

I shower, shave and throw on clothes. Down the tracks Evans is already churning up and down the pool, working the painted line, tearing through the sparkling, tepid water. I stop by the 7-Eleven for coffee and rolls. Evans would be turning precisely and turning again, swimming faster than you can walk, swimming faster than anybody can swim. Almost anybody—to be exact, Evans owns the world records for women at three lengths: 400 meters freestyle, 800 meters free and 1500 meters free—the grueling “metric mile.” In August she turned 17.

I drive through the steel twilight toward the pool. Evans has already churned through a mile of blue chlorine. Before the day is done she will have churned through nine miles. She swims as far every week as many marathoners run. I’ll be there in time for “the main set.”

Fullerton Aquatics, in California’s Orange County, is a crystal blue *L* of water set in an acre of smooth, young concrete amid acres of crisp, green lawns hard by the tracks in the part of town they call “low income,” put there to please the Federal money boys. The “main set” is simple: a thousand meters of butterfly stroke, a thousand backstroke, a thousand breaststroke and a thousand freestyle, without rest, nearly 2½ miles in barely 50 minutes, a punishing pace.

Swimmers train hard. Some, in fact, swim as much as 12 miles a day. Some do “dry land” training on top of that—stroke machines, pulling against bungee cords, working weights at low loads and high reps “until you shake” as one swimmer put it.

Sportswriters like to talk about “discipline,” as if their subjects

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE POWELL/ALLSPORT

by JOE FLOWER

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were flagellating themselves toward their goals, "dedication," some gift of the blood that allows the natural athlete to keep trying when the rest of us would have quit. Sportswriters like to discover some mystical something that sets the great athlete apart from us mere mortals.

But watch Janet Evans, bizarre as a water bug in her pop-eyed goggles and tight cap, turning again and heading away, on her back now, mouth contorted to breathe just so, tiny—she will tell me later she is 5-5½ and 105 pounds—but all arms and legs. I could encircle an ankle with my thumb and forefinger. She is doing exactly what she wants to. None of us quits when we are doing what we want to.

HER MOTHER, BARBARA, TELLS ME THE story later: Janet was in diapers, a few months past her first birthday. Her brothers, four and five years old, were taking swimming lessons at the local YMCA pool. Little Janet could not be kept out of the water. "She wanted to do it," says Barbara. "We could hardly stop her." So—why fight it?—her mother took her to the instructor and asked whether she could teach someone so young to swim. In the first lesson Janet was imitating her brothers' strokes. After a few lessons she could swim from her mother to her instructor. After a few months she could swim the width of the pool, then the length. "She'd swim across the pool, I'd pop her out, change her diaper and give her a bottle."

By the age of four she was competing in the six-and-under age group. The family has photos of this dumpling of a girl doing the backstroke, standing by the side of the pool taking coaching on the fine points. By the next summer she was starting to win races. At the age of 10 she set national age-group records in the 200 meter freestyle, which still stands, and the 200 meter individual medley (using all four strokes). At 11 she competed in the Junior Nationals. At 12, still tiny for her age, she won the Junior National 1500 meter. At 13, she competed in the Senior Nationals, the big leagues of United States swimming. At 14, with a frenetic stroke that some called "thrashy" and others compared to a windup bath toy, she was taking bronze medals at the Goodwill Games in Moscow, and gold medals at the U.S. Open. At 15, she took gold medals home from the Pan Pacific Games. A few weeks before her 16th birthday, in July of 1987, she set world records in the 800 and the 1500. Five months later she set the world record in the 400.

Last year, Anke Mohring, one of the towering and muscular East German swimmers, clipped three seconds off of her 800 record. So this spring, in Orlando,

Evans clipped two more seconds off Mohring's record. And four days later she carved eight seconds off her 1500 record.

At the moment, she is doing the freestyle part of the "main set," her stroke peculiar and propulsive. She is bigger now—she has grown 2½ inches in just a year—and her movement is smoother. But still the arm in the air does not bend at the elbow and snake forward, but flies out of the water straight like a flung shot, coming over her



Just Janet—

**"Kids ask me for my autograph
and I think, 'Why me?'"**

head to flap stiff-armed on the water.

She swims these 4000 meters fast. To qualify for the Olympic trials, you would have to swim a single 400, in a race setting, in just under 4:20. Here, in a workout, she is knocking out 10 400s without rest, and each one comes in at just about 5:10. Her coach, Bud McAllister, a Magnum, P.I. type with grey flecks at the temples, says, "She can do it day after day. Yesterday she did 10 400s in a row, with 15 seconds rest in between, the last three in five minutes each. She recovers quickly

because she's so small." Then he adds, "And so mentally tough. She's real hungry. It means a lot to her." Her competitors call her "Robo-Swimmer" and "Bye, Janet." Sheri Smith, another Southern California swimmer who competes against her, says, "People keep saying, 'Just wait. She'll burn out.' But she doesn't burn out."

She faces more immediate problems. The days when American swimmers carried home the bullion in trucks are gone. Evans faces a gaggle of competition at Seoul: in the 800, Australian Janelle Elford, along with Mohring, who is eager to take back her record; in the 400, where she is also favored, there is East German Heike Friedrich as well as three Australians; and in the 400 IM she faces an impressive pack led by Rumanian Noemi Lung. The 1500 is not an Olympic event for women.

She turns, pushes off, makes the first stroke. There's nothing deep here: a girl swimming, doing what comes naturally. She does not remember a time when she did not swim hour after hour. But it is something both beautiful and simple, beautiful at least in part because it is simple. And this may be much of what her coach calls mental toughness: a purposeful simplicity. I may have deadlines, you may have the rent. What she has is a clock at the end of the pool.

SIMPLICITY. WHAT STRIKES ME, AS I watch her work out in the cavernous club by the freeway, is the contrast with the accepted wisdom of swimming. If you don't follow swimming, let me just start with this: Little Janet Evans' record time in the "metric mile" 1500 meter—15:52.10—if swum at the Munich Olympics in 1972 would have won the men's gold medal and broken the men's world record.

Since then there has been a revolution in swimming that goes far beyond the single-layer stretch nylon "skin suits" first worn by an Italian woman swimmer in that Olympics, considered so revealing at the time that American television would show her only from the neck up. This revolution has driven times down farther than anyone could ever have expected.

Three things came together to make this revolution: The first was the scientific analysis of the sport, begun with the publication in 1968 of *The Science of Swimming*, by Indiana University's James E. "Doc" Counsilman. Counsilman used underwater stop-motion photography, force-vector diagrams and strength tests to challenge the accepted doctrines of the sport. In the first field test of his ideas a young swimmer named Chet Jastremski used Counsilman's redesigned breaststroke to knock, in a three month period, four seconds off the world 100 meter record.

Doc went on to become the most influential coach of his time.

The second was the introduction of "overdistance training," pushing the human body to its physical limits, by Sherm Chavoor, at an obscure tennis club near Sacramento, California, called Arden Hills. Two of Chavoor's swimmers took six gold medals between them at the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City, and overdistance training, to the point where some swimmers find themselves broken by exhaustion, became gospel.

As Daniel Chambliss describes the result in his excellent recent book *Champions*, "Many fine athletes simply couldn't do it; their bodies broke down under the punishment. Andy Strenk, a 1968 Olympian, went to Arden Hills in 1972 to train with Chavoor in order to make the team again. Three weeks before the Olympic trials he went home and fell asleep. When he awoke and tried to stand up, he fell to the floor and crawled on his hands and knees to the bathroom. He managed to go to the Trials but was ruined; he didn't make the team. The grueling training...drove many people out of the sport. But world records...continued to fall."

The third development was the coming of "factory teams," massive swimming es-

tablishments in multimillion-dollar facilities, each built around a dictatorial coach with organization so thorough it would have made Himmler proud. It was in 1972 that Mark Schubert, then only 23 and one year out of college, came to Mission Viejo, California, to work for the Mission Viejo Company. The company had developed a vast subdivision that promised every amenity—and one of those was a very large pool. They wanted a swimming coach. What they got was a young man with ferocious dreams. He asked for and got one addition to his agreement: full plane fare and accommodations for any swimmer who qualified for the Senior Nationals. What could that cost, the company officials must have figured, for a kid or two per year?

Schubert put his system to work immediately. Discipline was absolute. When practice started, the gates were locked. Any latecomers were barred, no excuses taken. Swimmers doing an illegal stroke, an imperfect turn, were yanked from the pool in front of their teammates to do push-ups on the deck. Those who did poorly in competition were likely to be dressed down in an extremely unpleasant fashion. Several times a week at first, less often as he matured, Schubert would fly into scream-

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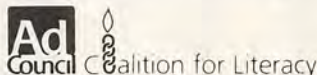
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ing rages. Years after they have left competition, some swimmers find themselves trembling when they hear his voice on the phone.

And Schubert began to "recruit." When he saw a promising youngster at a meet, he would offer the kid a chance at the top level of coaching and facilities, in return for a total commitment. Some who came were as young as 13. From across the country, and eventually from around the world, many of the finest young swimmers flew to Mission Viejo to stay with "host" families, or the coach himself, and to give themselves entirely into Schubert's care.

The discipline, and the topflight care, extended into competitions. At Senior Nationals other swimmers might stay with friends. The Mission Viejo "Nadadores" (Spanish for "swimmers") stayed at the Hyatt. Others might hitchhike, walk or take the bus to the pool. Schubert's kids took chartered shuttle buses. Other kids made their own plans in the evening. Schubert's kids endured a bed check every night to make sure they were tucked in at a decent hour. Other kids might wear any old schmatahs they happened to have. Schubert's kids and staff wore Mission Viejo shirts, warm-up suits, blazers, skin suits—and were often forbidden to wear any others, since they were donated by Speedo and other sponsors. Other teams might rub the kinks out of each other's tired lats and quads. Schubert had professional body workers set up their tables under the high-dive platform for his kids. Other swimmers might eat at McDonald's or out of cans, eking out their college scholarships or their minimal grants from U.S. Swimming. Schubert's kids ate from custom-designed menus at the hotel—unless they failed to finish among the top 16, in which case their meals wouldn't be paid for.

And it worked. In 1973, a year after he had started, he took 13 swimmers to the Senior Nationals. Through the rest of the Seventies he often took 60 kids at a time. By 1974 he had won a national team championship. There were six national team championships available each year—men's, women's and combined at each of the two yearly championship meets. Between 1974 and 1985, out of 66 possible championships, Schubert's Nadadores took 44, while turning out such Olympic gold and silver mines as Brian Goodell and Shirley Babashoff.

It was a record unlike any ever assembled by a team, and Schubert's methods were copied, more or less faithfully, and with more or less success, throughout the world of competitive swimming. Yet they are not for everyone. As Brian Fisher, a 17-year-old distance freestyler at Mission Viejo puts it, "In a program with so many kids, it's hard to get individual attention." And the

training can be deadening. Thomasz Gawronski and Mariusz Podkoscielny, Polish swimmers who for the past two years have been training with the Nadadores and living with host families nearby, comment that they have given up "our free time, going out, parties. We don't have a car but that doesn't make much difference. When we do have free time we're usually too tired to do anything."

Evans' coach, McAllister, says of the "factory" system, "I think, essentially, that it doesn't work for most kids. The shock is too great. They get homesick, and they burn out." Clark Yeager, swimming coach at California State-Chico, says, "I hope kids and parents are learning to train where they are comfortable and where they have support."

Now Schubert has moved to Florida, to re-create his phenomenal team at a new development called Mission Bay. He left

Janet digs

**under the bed. "Those
medals from
Moscow are under here
somewhere.**

**I'm not sure where
I put them."**

Mission Viejo to his assistant, Terry Stoddard. And Stoddard called in, as his assistant, a coach from Fullerton Aquatics named Martin Craig, who had been Evans' coach since she was nine.

Evans was then 14. According to her mother, "Martin pressured us heavily to take Janet to Mission Viejo. And we thought about it. And in the end we didn't do it. If she had continued living here, it would have been a heck of a commute. And I refused to break up the family." Barbara, who for years has been active in organized swimming in Southern California, goes on, "I know a lot of parents board their kids out really young—12 or 13. A lot of kids like to swim, but a lot of parents have bigger agendas—medals and records. So they allow the swim clubs and coaches to take over their whole lives."

Not this kid.

JANET AND I ARE TALKING AT THE dining table at her parent's house in nearby Placentia, a two-story, five-bedroom, three-car-garage, pool-and-spa, well-clipped, solidly upper-middle-class home in a neighborhood to match. A little swing hangs from a porch rafter just over a sleeping Shih Tzu named Ming Toy.

Does she worry about her form? I ask her. "Not really. It's just something I do."

Does she worry about the competition? "I like competition. It makes me go faster."

Her father, Paul—jovial, positive and supportive—is a veterinarian. He and Barbara have been married for 25 years, have lived in Placentia for 24 years, in this house for 16.

Does she get down on herself if she does poorly in one event? Is it harder to do well in the next event? "No. If I don't do well in one event, why should that carry over to the next?" Her high school, El Dorado, where she learned to swim, is just over the back fence. She makes As and Bs.

Does she ever get grumpy about all that practice? "Yeah. I just come home and take a nap." Her sunny bedroom is a girl's room—bed of cast iron and brass with a big quilt and quilted pillows, lace curtains with stuffed animals arranged over the curtain rod, tiny dolls set out on shelves, a "Bozo" head wearing a tiara (souvenir of her reign as Junior Prom "Princess"), a picture of her high school swim team and, on one wall, a hook with a clutch of medals hanging in the sun, gold, silver, bronze, from meets in Europe, Australia and the United States.

Does she think about getting an Olympic gold medal? "I'll be successful if I just try my best." She digs under the bed, pulling out plastic bags and searching the contents. "Those medals from Moscow are under here somewhere. I'm not sure where I put them."

Three large silver platters are stacked on an end table in the family room, each marked HIGH POINT SCORER, UNITED STATES SWIMMING SENIOR NATIONALS. The upstairs den sports three Phillips Performance Award cups and a sculpture marked U.S. SWIMMER OF THE YEAR. Sprinkled around the house, among the prints, artificial flowers and the framed copy of the Desiderata ("Go placidly amid the noise and haste...") are more medals, cups, bowls, plaques and trophies.

The phone rings downstairs in the kitchen and her mother answers. The calls have been coming all morning, as usual these days—*Time*, *Sports Illustrated*, the *Los Angeles Times*, ABC Sports, the film company Prime Ticket, *USA Today*. Does she think about how far she's come? "Sometimes it just boggles my mind, so I don't

think about it. I just keep doing what I've been doing."

Does she worry about competing in endurance events against women who may be seven inches taller and 65 pounds heavier? "I don't care, as long as I get down to the end of the pool before anyone else."

Does she have to work on her attitude? "No, it just comes naturally. My parents always say, 'Just do the best you can.'" And her mother adds, "It's hard to be in awe of somebody when you wash their socks."

Does she think about being a public figure? "No. I'm just another high school kid who hates to do her homework. I'm in awe meeting people like Matt Biondi and Pablo Morales [each of whom owns one world record time]. Kids ask me for my autograph—people even write from Europe for my autograph—and I think, 'Why me? I'm just Janet.'"

We are about to leave for the exercise club for some weightlifting and stationary cycling. She's a bright-eyes, but right now she's wearing sunglasses with big white plastic rims and carrying a Walkman to listen to on the bike. The cleaning lady stops us to show something. She has finally turned up the Russian medals, stuffed in a drawer, along with another plaque—this

one says ABC SPORTS ATHLETE OF THE WEEK—hidden in a closet.

This is "just Janet." This kid goes to the same school, sleeps in the same room, talks to the same parents, who encourage her but say, "If she quit tomorrow I would have no regrets." She practices in the same pool with a coach who calmly discusses her times with her, and sets out new goals and training routines to reach them, a quiet fellow who says in awe, "I'll probably never have another swimmer like this in my career."

It may be that the highest achievement, the greatest excellence, does not after all come from enforced discipline, screaming coaches and high anxiety, but from doing what you love to do with no other thought in mind.

At 4:30 in the afternoon, she slips into the water again for another two hours of work.

I head for the freeway, the restricted lanes, the metal detectors at John Wayne Airport, the next motel. Behind me Janet Evans pulls through the pale aqua water, regular as blood, 51 strokes to every length, turn, 51 strokes. ★

Joe Flower lives in Mill Valley, California, and contributes regularly to SPORT.



Can you make it to your next PayDay?

The DH 15 Years Later

From Ron Blomberg to Jack Clark: The DH is 15 years old. How is it doing?



Clark: The DH is By Craig Wolff

This discussion begins with a romantic question: Why do you love baseball?

Do you love baseball because you see it as the game for individuals, a game that can be distilled to a single confrontation between a lone pitcher and a lone hitter?

Or do you love baseball because you recognize and appreciate the invisible tapestry that connects the hitter to the pinch-hitter, the starting pitcher to the reliever, all of them linked to the manager, who is unseen and holding the grand design beneath the dugout roof?

There is no other way to start a discussion of what the designated hitter has meant to the game, but in a profound way. For the designated hitter brings straight to the heart the fundamental issue that separates one kind of baseball fan from the other. What it is that we see out there on the ballfield? What do we want to see? Something straightforward, obvious, which the American League gives us with the DH? Or something subtle, which the National League gives us without it?

Celebrating its 15th anniversary this season, the designated hitter, even by its very name, still sounds like something cooked up to give the game some modern lines—as if Metrodomes and Kingdome and artificial turf had not already done the trick. Many feared this effect in the first season of the DH, 1973. But most of the people who have actually done it say that there is nothing unnatural about it at all, certainly nothing evil.

The designated hitter was brought in to replace what is usually an unfortunate sight—the pitcher batting—and, challenges Jack Clark, a former National League outfielder and first baseman, now the Yankees' DH, "who wants to see that?" It was brought in to add offense because as former Athletics owner Charlie Finley says, "Look what baseball is—one guy with a little stick trying to succeed against nine guys." And the DH added scoring immediately, if only 0.8 runs a game. The DH was brought in to keep some old favorites in the game, and it did that for Hank Aaron, Frank Robinson and Al Kaline in the early years.

The designated hitter is a player without a position and owns little of the charm of, say, a relief pitcher. (Think of a relief pitcher and you immediately see Rollie Fingers' mustache. Think of a designated hitter and you picture a figure sprinting in a runway beneath the stands to stay loose.) And yet the designated hitter has evolved from a spot to be filled with the extra bat in the clubhouse to someone like Clark in New York and Don Baylor in Oakland, hired hands, and well paid ones at that.

"What if Mickey Mantle had been able to play longer," says Pat Tabler, who at 30 years old is parttime DH for the Royals this year. "Wouldn't that have been great?" But isn't Tabler worried that his market value will be hurt, that he will be seen as old and one-dimensional before his time? "Yeah, I worry about that a little, but I'm being paid to hit and that's what any ballplayer loves to do."

A few proud souls have protested at proposals to turn them into designated hitters, most famous among them Reggie Jackson, Jim Rice and George Bell. Their notoriety and their loud objections made it seem that every ballplayer feels this way. This is probably not true. Don Mattingly, the Yankees' first baseman, looks far down his road and says: "I look forward to doing it one day. I like to field, but can you imagine being able to do nothing but hit and to think about nothing but hitting and to analyze hitting. Everyone out there, fans, writers, think that players think of it as an insult when a manager says be a DH, like they're saying you can't field, but, wow, they're saying you're a hitter."

IT COMES BACK TO HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK AT THE GAME. From the most narrow perspective the DH represents baseball at its purest, most appealing—hitting. Finley, who says he invented it and is supported in making this claim, was so excited

Clark's tendency toward injury and the big hit has made him an ideal DH.



to receive a call about the DH that he screamed excitedly into the phone, "The people who were against it just don't understand this goddamn game. The other sports encourage offense. Baseball discourages it."

But if by the goddamn game Finley was talking about the whole game, then he is wrong because the sweet mechanics are removed. Last year, for instance, there were 372 complete games in the American League, 189 in the National League. One thousand seven hundred fourteen times AL managers used a pinch-hitter; 632 times they used a sacrifice bunt. In the NL there were 2,929 pinch-hitters, 823 bunts.

Excitement in baseball is not defined as it is in other sports, by constant movement. Excitement in baseball is defined by the unseen, the idea that no one knows where or when the next piece of action will break out, in this corner or that, or by no action at all. A pitcher throws 12 straight balls to load the bases in the bottom of the ninth of a scoreless game. No one has lifted a bat from a shoulder. Yet this is exciting because it creates suspense. A manager has to decide whether to pinch-hit for his pitcher when he has only one reliever left and his bench nearly bare. This is exciting.

Or is it?

ONE MORNING IN CHICAGO, Sparky Anderson and Whitey Herzog got together over breakfast and tried to settle this question. These two are the finest baseball minds around, according to most baseball minds. One, Anderson, used to manage in Cincinnati without the DH and now manages in Detroit with it. The other, Herzog, managed in Texas and Kansas City with the DH and now lives without it in St. Louis.

One, Anderson, complained that he had less to do. Even platooning Larry Herndon, Jim Morrison (who has subsequently been traded) and Darrell Evans at DH was not satisfying to him. "I can't force the other manager to make a move," he told Herzog. "And he can't force me to make a move. It's like we're managing in two different games that are not intertwined."

The other, Herzog, recalled with longing writing Rico Carty's name into the lineup when he managed the Rangers. And he talked about a game against the Braves earlier this season when he had run

out of pitchers except for one and had used utility man Jose Oquendo for the last four innings of a 19 inning game, which the Cards lost. "What makes it really tough," Herzog said, "is that not only do I not have the DH, but I only have 24 guys on my roster. That really straps me, and in the end that hurts my ability to strategize."

But Anderson countered: "It's not the same. [With the DH] you don't have to be on top of your pitching and that's nearly all of managing. If I ever went back to the National League it would take me a year just to be able to learn how to manage again. Without the DH, when you bring in your ace relief pitcher, you have to make



FOCUS ON SPORTS

Keept the DH, says Baylor, but get rid of it in high schools and little leagues.

sure he won't come up for at least another six, seven hitters. Now I don't have to think about that."

Herzog listened and said, "As a manager I like to have tools. The DH would give me another tool."

BENEATH THE SEATS IN THAT cobwebbed part of a baseball park known as the runway, the old ballplayers walked slowly downward in their approach to the woody bench and the dusty field. The new ballplayers do this, too, some with bats tucked under one arm, a glove snuggled in the other, spikes clacking with a life of their own, so expectantly.

Only now the runway has become something more than a simple approach. It is a corridor which is used for stretching, rehearsing and even imagining. It is where the designated hitter comes to create his image of what will happen when he gets to the plate. Perhaps a more private moment in a baseball stadium has never been experienced, if only because this session is the creation of this solitary player and no one else. And he can't help but look a trifle silly, running back and forth, stretching his legs against the cinder block.

The Yankees' Clark did not have any of this in mind on a summer night in Detroit when in Tiger Stadium he simply went to his business in the runway. He says that it does not matter to him how he looks because first, no one is watching him, and second, he is doing what he has to do to get ready. On this night, Clark came up in the first inning, singled, went to the runway, sprinted, then went to the clubhouse to ride a bicycle. And this is how it went for the evening. He struck out, flied out and later singled again.

Clark is a big man with muscular legs that help give him an imposing presence at the bat and a hulking presence when he occasionally plays first base. His night did not seem all that purposeful. Walk to the plate, walk to the dugout and then wait while his teammates play. And it did not in one sense seem fitting for a man with such a fast bat, who looks like a ballplayer, with his cap pulled hard over a dark brow, to spend so much time in waiting.

In a few other senses it fit perfectly. Clark is more than anything else a hitter, one with a single purpose, to lash at the ball quickly. A Clark home run is a shot if ever there was one. And Clark, with his tendency toward injury, was perhaps looking for a way to get hurt less, a point he will actually not admit to. If we expect him to protest at the idea of the designated hitter, we are missing the main point. Because Clark is a ballplayer, a good ballplayer, he can move from one assignment to the other smoothly. He accepts where his career has taken him, moving from leading man to character parts.

"I came to the Yankees and the American League voluntarily," he says. "No one forced me and I knew it was to be a designated hitter. First I was an outfielder with the Giants. Then I was a first baseman with the Cards. Now I am a DH with the Yankees. They pay me and this is what I do now. This is how I approach everything in baseball and in my life. If I don't do it with relish I will not do it well. Then what? Then I become this sad sack. That would be awful. I would hate myself. I love being DH. If I didn't think that way I wouldn't be able to get into it."

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IN 1972, THE YEAR BEFORE THE DESIGNATED hitter took life in the major leagues, the National League had an attendance of 15,529,730. The American League, with an attendance of 11,438,538, was hungrier for fans. In its first year, attendance in the then-12 team league rose nearly two million overall. The National League went up about 1.1 million, so it is difficult to gauge what effect the DH had. Last season, when each league set records, NL teams, which count the turnstile spins, averaged 2,061,179 in attendance. The AL, counting tickets sold, averaged 1,948,382.

With hindsight colored by nostalgia, it does seem that the designated hitter at first kept the more glamorous names in baseball. The DHs around the league were Tommy Davis, 34, Orlando Cepeda, 35, Frank Howard, 37, and Tony Oliva, 33. And while it is a common conception that designated hitters then were all hangers-on, there was also Oscar Gamble, 23, Ron Blomberg, 25. In fact, the average age of the 14 most used DHs that season was 30.1. This season, the 17 players being used most often at DH, including Baylor, 39, and Gene Larkin in Minnesota, 25, average 31.9 years old. Last season the average age for designated hitters was even higher, 32.2. But then, the DH gave people more chances to see Reggie Jackson, even if it was a Reg-

gie Jackson who batted .220.

Sparky Anderson, Pirates manager Jim Leyland, who managed with the designated hitter in the Tigers' farm system, and Gene Michael, who has managed with it and without it with the Yankees and Cubs, are in the majority when they say that the DH is evolving into a position that will use more speed players, fewer home run hitters. But the statistics suggest the opposite. In 1974, the average club got from its DH slot a .256 average, 14 home runs and 74 RBIs. Now each club gets from its DH spot a .253 average, 26 home runs and 91 RBIs. Therefore, the image of the slow, lumbering power man as designated hitter is reinforced, only now he is more potent and more powerful than ever.

MAYBE WE FEEL SORRY FOR THE DH BECAUSE we see him as the player who sits around. As Chris Chambliss, the Yankees' hitting coach, says, "Anytime you have a fulltime player sitting around so much, that can't be good for the game. But don't tell anyone I said that. It's good for individual hitters. And I'm supposed to be for hitters."

Says Baylor, the oldest regular DH this year: "If I were commissioner of baseball I would have the DH in both leagues. A World Series where the American League is at a disadvantage, you can throw that in

with balks and corked bats and suped up balls as another ridiculous part of baseball. Keep the DH, but also get rid of it in the high schools and the little leagues. Using it in the little league is actually telling a kid what he can't do. You're telling him he can't catch and, believe it or not, a label like that can stick."

Starting next year the designated hitter will be used in the All-Star Game as it is used in the World Series, only in the American League ballparks. But the positions of the leagues now do not suggest a change. American League president Dr. Bobby Brown says that he and his owners are happy with it. And he was not preachy. He says it is fine with him for the NL to remain without it and that it is good for fans to have a choice. The National League implemented the DH in some rookie leagues during the past year, but otherwise, the league office says, there is no groundswell for a DH, not even a push.

It's too bad no league officials were in the mood to have fun with the matter. Such as what would happen if interleague play were created? Would they use the DH only half the time? How about alternate its use, inning by inning? First, third, fifth, seventh—DH. Second, fourth, sixth, eighth innings, no DH. Ninth inning—your choice. Or maybe expand the concept to

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RON VESELY

designated runners. Or maybe give each player a designated assistant. Whatever this player's particular weakness we'll find some one to fill in just then, for just that moment.

THE DESIGNATED HITTER POSITION (by this point in its evolution and by this point in this discussion it is suitable to call it a position), as no other, has a way of isolating different branches of the game, in every way. Sparky Anderson is right when he says, "Nothing is intertwined." A manager's decision to take out a pitcher is separated from the progression of the game. Even using the DH spot as an insurance policy for injury suggests a certain separateness, as if it is something the manager holds in abeyance should a regular get hurt. A relief pitcher may already be physically removed out in the bullpen, but at least his involvement hinges upon the developments in the game as does a pinch-hitter's.

The DH was implemented 15 years ago with a certain brazenness; the American League owners never assigned it to an experimental phase. Says Finley, "We had discussed it for so long. We had seen it work in the minor leagues. And we knew that we wanted more offense. I felt strongly about it and so did others."

But one National League owner who voted against it says, "I don't think I really had a good reason for being against it. I suppose it's exciting and I suppose it adds runs, but somehow it seemed wrong."

Maybe this is the rub: A designated hitter is involved in no portion of baseball other than his at-bat. He does not even have to worry about an error weighing on him at the plate. Half his baseball brain has effectively been cut away. Mike Easler, when he played DH for the Yankees, took swings in the batting cage between at-bats. And in the ultimate example of self-absorption, Pat Tabler actually watches his first turn at-bat on videotape before he gets up for the second turn.

Jack Clark says that he goes to the clubhouse and rides the stationary bike and thinks about hitting because he will "do anything. Anything to get the edge."

Now, how you answer this question will depend on why you love baseball. When Jack Clark goes to the clubhouse to think about nothing but hitting the baseball, is he as involved in the game as he can possibly be? Or is Jack Clark, when he goes to the clubhouse, just taking himself out of the game? ★

Craig Wolff is a reporter for the New York Times.

Bell's vocal cords and his standing in Toronto became strained when he protested a move to DH.

HERE COMES THE CAVALRY

BY DAVID WHITFORD

FOR YEARS THE TEXAS LONGHORNS WERE UNDERMANNED AND SURROUNDED IN THE SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE. THEN CAME COACH DAVID MCWILLIAMS.



FRED AKERS' RECORD IN HIS FIRST season was what Texans expected of the coach of the Texas Longhorns. Eleven wins, no losses. Earl Campbell rushed for 1,744 yards and won the Heisman Trophy. The Longhorns were the Southwest Conference champions. Whoopie ti yi-yo.

Then came Fred Akers' first Cotton Bowl game, which followed his first season. A disaster. New Year's Day, 1978, Texas lined up against Notre Dame. National championship up for grabs. And Texas lost, badly, 38-10. Soon it became a habit.

Over the next decade, Texas would win plenty of football games (more than 70 percent overall under Akers) but lose too damn many "bragging games"—the annual wars against Oklahoma and Arkansas (later, Texas A&M) and the bowls. Eventually it became obvious that Texas was heading in the wrong direction. Texas, which the rest of the country had watched more frequently than any other college team except Notre Dame, showed up less frequently on national TV. Texas, which had been to more bowl games than anyone except Alabama, continued to receive invitations, but now they were coming from the nouveau bowls—the Sun, the

Bluebonnet or, *please*, the Freedom.

None of this was lost on the state's bluest-chip recruits, either, who traditionally could be counted on to answer Texas' call. As a new generation came of age, the memory of Darrell Royal's 20-year reign—his 10 Cotton Bowl appearances, 11 Southwest Conference titles and three national championships—grew dim. Strong, young boys all over Texas stopped dreaming of the day they would become Longhorns; in growing numbers they yearned to be Mustangs, Aggies, Cougars and Horned Frogs.

DAVID MCWILLIAMS (SAY IT: MACK WILLIAMS) wears anteater boots and chews on unlit cigars. He makes frequent use of the words *gosh* and *golly*. His hometown is Cleburne, Texas, south of Fort Worth. Cleburne is a railroad crossing, the seat of Johnson County, famous locally as a place where Texas Longhorns captains are mass produced. Pat Culpepper ('62 captain), McWilliams ('63) and Tim Doerr ('64) all left Cleburne and found glory in Austin.

McWilliams' glory is past, present and future. He played center and linebacker on the '63 team that finished 11-0 and won the national championship. Later he coached for 16 years under Royal and

Akers, sharing credit for another national championship ('70) and seven Southwest Conference titles. In 1986 he temporarily departed Austin for Lubbock, led Texas Tech to the Independence Bowl and won SWC coach of the year. In 1987, he came back as the Longhorns' 26th head coach.

As McWilliams prepares for his second season, there are signs that Texas is on the verge of a dramatic return to SWC and national prominence. Thrilling wins last year over Arkansas and Pittsburgh in the Bluebonnet Bowl added luster to an otherwise ordinary 7-5 season and gave McWilliams something positive he could talk about with potential recruits.

On signing day last February, Texas rounded up a champion herd of prize Longhorns calves, including Refugio running back Willie Mack Garza, who rushed for 2,954 yards and 46 touchdowns in his senior year; Sherman quarterback Jason Burleson, listed among the top five recruits in the state; and all-America linemen Tommy Jeter (6-5, 235) of Deer Park and Paul Moriarty (6-6, 270) of Conroe. The signing in July of defensive back Graylin Johnson, who earlier had committed to Notre Dame, gave the Longhorns their best overall class in a decade and a solid basis for



claiming victory over A&M in the annual SWC recruiting war. (Johnson has been declared academically ineligible this season under Proposition 48.)

Texas already had Eric Metcalf, a pinball in pads who spun, jumped and rolled for 1,161 yards in '87, caught 33 passes, scored 11 touchdowns and returned kick-offs and punts. This year he will be an early candidate for the Heisman Trophy. Texas also has middle linebacker Britt Hager, who set a UT record for tackles last year (187).

The majority of SWC writers polled by Dave Campbell's magazine *Texas Football* picked A&M to win its fourth straight conference title this season. But Texas ranks as the runnerup. And despite holes in the defensive secondary (three starters lost) and at quarterback, where senior Shannon Kelley is an unknown, other analysts have picked the Longhorns to break into the national Top 20.

In other words, Texas is back.

The key, to Longhorns fans, is McWilliams, whose arrival has brought an end to a decade of turmoil and dissension. For the first time since Royal resigned, the majority of the powerful Texas Exes (members of the Ex-Students Association) are united

behind their head coach. "Texas has always been one family," says DeLoss Dodds, the Texas athletic director. "We're one *happy* family again."

WHEN ROYAL RETIRED IN 1976 HE passed into legend as the winningest coach in Southwest Conference history. His stature nationally was unmatched, but his influence in Austin was on the wane. When it came time to select a new coach, Royal's wishes were ignored. If it had been up to him, Fred Akers would have stayed at Wyoming, where he went as head coach after nine years on Royal's staff, instead of ascending to what many still regard as the State of Texas' highest office. Royal had his own man pegged for the job, a top assistant named Mike Campbell. For reasons that can only be guessed at, Allan Shivers—a three-term former governor and chairman of the board of regents, and who appointed the selection committee—chose to ignore Royal's wishes.

Royal stayed on as athletic director for three years without ever coming to terms with Akers. The feud may have had its origins in reports that Royal had quietly circulated among committee members a morsel of allegedly damaging intelligence in

a last-ditch effort to block Akers' selection. The tactic failed, but when it got back to Akers what Royal had supposedly tried to do, their relationship went from bad to worse.

Akers, who has been head coach at Purdue since 1987, says, "There were some things that were being spread around before I took the job," but declines to point the finger at Royal. Says Royal, "I wasn't against [Akers] after he got here. I wasn't against him at all. He chose for our relationship not to be the same." The upshot was that Akers went his own way, with no help asked of Royal and none given. After 20 years as head coach, Royal's formal involvement in the Texas football program ceased.

In 1979, Royal stepped down as athletic director and retreated to his home in the Hill Country west of Austin. "I didn't want to keep my finger in the pie and stay involved and keep trying to have some influence on how the program should be run," says Royal. "When I gave it up I truly gave it up."

Royal settled into the role of cultural icon in Austin, as revered in his circle as Willie Nelson was in his. But to believe that Royal kept his fingers clean entirely

would be naive. His feud with Akers burned for 10 years, flaring up intermittently in acrimonious exchanges that would sometimes find their way into the newspaper. Royal had many powerful friends, and they knew where he stood.

To this day, a Texas official who is willing to spare a kind word for Akers is unwilling to have his name appear in print. "I love Darrell," he says, "but there's not a hell of a lot nice you can say about Akers that Darrell doesn't resent."

Whether Royal actively worked to undermine Akers is not the issue. For without Royal's active support, Akers was doomed. Even his choice of recreation—he is a tennis player in a state where the powerful prefer golf—contributed to his exclusion from the inner circle.

Barney Giles, a three year letterman and team captain at Texas in the mid-Sixties, is typical of those former Longhorns who never felt comfortable with Akers. After college, Giles made it big in the real estate business in Dallas. He is one of the 200 Horns of the Longhorn Education Foundation, an honor for which he donates \$4,000 annually to men's athletics.

"Freddy just never got it all together," says Giles. "He had the little man syndrome—short and insecure. Really not a warm personality. His recruiting was getting worse and worse. All the Texas Exes started bad-mouthing him, and all the coaches in the conference really didn't like him. So he had a tough row to hoe."

In 1986, Texas finished with a losing record (5-6), the first time that had happened in 30 years. Moreover, Akers' teams had by then lost two in a row to Oklahoma, three straight to A&M and four bowls in four tries. "Consecutive disasters," explains an official of the Education Foundation, "is what hacks people's butts." During Akers' last years, there were rumors that certain Texas Exes had gone so far as to sabotage their own school's recruiting. On November 29, 1986, Akers was fired.

"I was very disappointed in the way my departure came about," says Akers, who had five years remaining on his contract. "But I spent a lot of time at the University of Texas. Nineteen years of my life. I'd hate to think that it's all just washed down the drain."

Does he know why he was fired? "I don't think the record had anything to do with it—that wasn't it at all. You'd have to be insane not to recognize my record [86-31-2]. It was political."

ON A FALL SATURDAY MORNING IN 1963, before the Baylor game, the University of Texas board of regents voted to allow blacks to participate in intercollegiate

athletics. Though Texas was the first SWC school formally to approve integration, it was among the last to act. As late as 1969, three years after Southern Methodist's Jerry Levias broke through the color line in the SWC, Texas became the last all-white college team to win the national championship.

Soon after Texas was awarded its championship trophy, Royal was quoted saying, in effect, that blacks were unqualified to coach. Royal denies having said this (the Associated Press later printed a retraction), but many were left with the impression that Royal was a racist. When he retired from coaching, some who claimed to know suggested that the real reason Royal quit was because he found it distasteful to proselytize blacks.

The perception of Texas as an institution that didn't welcome blacks persisted well into the Seventies. The practical effect of this legacy on Akers, who inherited it, was to make it hard for Texas to attract

of blacks. He thinks the issue was not race but cheating.

"If dealing with black athletes means dealing with athletes who are checking for rain," Whittier says, holding out an open palm, "and if dealing with black athletes means dealing with 17-year-old chumps who can't do nothing but football, and want to find out how much you're gonna give 'em to go to your school, and if dealing with black athletes is a 55-year-old man finding himself constrained to beg a 17-year-old punk—in a lot of cases, that's what he was facing—to come to UT, *if that's what it means*, then that's why he got out of football."

Royal, at age 64, has the pink-faced, strangely immature look of a retired priest. Dressed in shorts, a polo shirt and moccasins (no socks), he appears nimble and fit, with slender ankles and taut, knobby calves. This morning, he is sitting on a couch in the living room of his home, facing glass doors which open on a terrace



PINBALL IN PADS: ERIC METCALF, SON OF FORMER NFL STAR TERRY METCALF, WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY BREAK EARL CAMPBELL'S LONGHORN ALL-PURPOSE YARDAGE RECORD EARLY THIS YEAR.

black athletes—at the precise moment in the history of the Southwest Conference when blacks were beginning to make their impact felt in large numbers.

"Texas, I think unjustly, received a racist image that the other schools dodged," says Royal. "I don't think we were any better—certainly no better—but we were no worse than any other school in this section of the country."

Julius Whittier, a prosecuting attorney in Dallas who in 1970 was the first black football player to letter at Texas, has heard the story that Royal quit coaching because

(too hot in summer), overlooking the Colorado River and the Hill Country beyond.

"See," he says, "I had that rap that I couldn't communicate. I couldn't go into the ghettos and talk to black kids, I couldn't go on that level. Is it that way? Is that a fact? Or could I have communicated just as well if I'd taken some money in there? That gets your attention when you're poor. You've got to do a better job of communicating when you recruit a minority by the rules than you do when you go in with an inducement. You can be hip and you can be jive and you can high-five

and all of that a lot easier if you go in there with money."

AGGIES AND MUSTANGS WILL SCREAM bloody murder, but the record suggests that Texas, relatively speaking, has run a clean program. Lou Maysel of the *Austin American-Statesman*, who covered Royal his entire career, says if Royal "did not run a clean program, then he's the biggest hypocrite that ever came down the pike."

Texas has a reputation in certain circles as one of those institutions that, through size, athletic tradition and access to power, has been able to escape close scrutiny by the NCAA. Stop by a bar called The Point After on Greenville Avenue in Dallas and Mustang fans will tell you about Butch Worley, the NCAA investigator who put SMU away in 1987 and immediately took a job in the Texas athletic department. Or Charles Alan Wright, the UT law professor who served for nine years as chairman of the NCAA committee on infractions. Perhaps it's inevitable for an institution the size of UT to have people in positions of power, but critics point to those relationships as creating the appearance of conflict.

Maybe Texas has been cheating all along and buying players just like SMU and TCU. Maybe it should be under investigation for serious violations, as Oklahoma, Oklahoma State, Texas A&M and Houston are. But then how do you account for Texas' ho-hum record of 27-19-1 since 1984? If it's true that it was as bad as the rest, how come it wasn't as good?

"What happened at Texas was a result of things going on around the conference," says Dodds, the athletic director. "I mean our wins and losses. We lost guys that maybe we should have gotten."

There is a story, often told, about Royal and a powerful booster by the name of Frank Erwin, whose profession was the law but whose passion was the Longhorns. Erwin and Royal had their differences. Maybe it all started in 1971, when Oklahoma turned the tables on Royal and began to beat up on Texas with merciless regularity.

Some say there was a confrontation; that Erwin expressed his displeasure; that Erwin suggested a remedy; that the remedy involved questionable practices by the standards of the NCAA; and that Royal refused.

Erwin, evidently, never forgot. Years later, when Royal was slighted on the matter of who should succeed him as coach, insiders detected the quiet influence of Erwin, a man described by one who knew him as "an irresistible force." If that was the case, Erwin never admitted anything publicly. He died in 1980.

Under Akers, Texas went on probation twice: in 1982, after Marcus Dupree came home from a visit to Austin with a new pair



McWILLIAMS (LEFT) AND ROYAL AND THE '63 CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM THEY BOTH LED.

of cowboy boots, and in 1987, the only time sanctions were imposed.

While the 1987 case proved 38 rules violations—including cash loans, free meals and illegal transportation—most of the incidents involved athletes who had already enrolled. According to the NCAA, Texas therefore did not obtain a "significant competitive advantage." The penalties were slight: two-years' probation, the loss of five scholarships and a reduction in the number of official paid visits by recruits. This summer, after Texas was able to satisfy the NCAA that it had taken appropriate corrective action, probation was reduced to one year. The Longhorns enter the 1988 season with a clean slate.

WHEN MCWILLIAMS WAS A PLAYER IN the early Sixties, Texas signed 75 or more players every year. Some would drop out, others would transfer, but Texas would always be left with more great athletes than they knew what to do with.

"Even when we had injuries," McWilliams remembers, "gosh, that guy on the second team might have been better than the first team. When I was a sophomore, all of us sophomores played on the third team. Midseason, Coach Royal put the first team in for five minutes, the second team in for five minutes and the third team in for five minutes. We were alternating three teams almost equally every quarter regardless of score. Played almost the whole game like that."

Those days are gone forever. In 1974 the NCAA began setting limits on athletic scholarships in order to prevent the Texas of the world from stockpiling talent. The latest revised limits, set to take effect during the 1989-90 academic year, allow only 25 scholarships per year.

The effect of these limits has been to

promote parity in major-college football, making it all but impossible to duplicate the sort of year-in, year-out success that was Royal's legacy at Texas. There are, however, certain schools that, by virtue of their size, tradition and prestige, should always have a natural advantage in recruiting. Texas is one. McWilliams has set himself the task of recapturing that edge.

"We're like a company that went bust," he says. "I think for a long time most every kid in the state grew up wanting to go to the University of Texas. We went out and said, 'All right, we got all these guys that want to come, now who are we going to take?' Then we're finding that we don't have quite that many that want to come—I'm talking about the top players—and so it's 'Which ones can we get?' And then it became 'We better take this guy and that guy 'cause I don't know if we're gonna get these other guys.'"

What has McWilliams done to change that? Partly, he brings a new attitude. Among high school coaches in Texas, the university was getting a reputation for being "a little bit haughty," says one coach. To a certain extent, that reflected Akers' personality. McWilliams' style is less overbearing ("You can talk with him," says Eric Metcalf. "People were kind of scared to talk to Coach Akers"). When McWilliams goes recruiting, he does so with hat in hand, saying, "We're the University of Texas and we just appreciate the opportunity to visit with you."

But more important, McWilliams has attempted to forge a connection between past and present. "You put stuff in the old cedar chest and you forget about it," he explains, "until one day you go in there and start looking at it and then you get it out and start using it again."

The first thing McWilliams pulled out of the cedar chest was Coach Royal. After 10 years of prowling on the perimeter, Royal is back in the program, greeting recruits and their parents on campus visits, getting to know the current players (many of whom had never met him), showing his face at official functions. The new recruiting video, which coaches will show to prospective players and their parents on recruiting trips this winter, opens with a sequence featuring Royal, accompanied by the theme music from old Marlboro commercials.

"If the job can be done, he's the man to do it," Royal says of McWilliams. "I'm not sure the same advantages exist today as when I came here in 1957. But Texas is not ever going to be at the bottom and stay at the bottom. The history of Texas has always been a successful history."

Anyway, that is once again what Texans expect. ★

After losing,
badly,
to Steffi Graf
at
Wimbledon,
Martina
Navratilova
faces
a steep climb
back
to No. 1. The
question
isn't if she
can,
but why she
must.

.....

BY SKIP BAYLESS

Once upon a time I thought Martina Navratilova was the world's luckiest athlete. She was the star I wanted to trade places with. This woman had more talent and global earning power plugged into less competition than any O.J. or Nicklaus or Magic ever.

And for about two years, beginning in the summer of 1981, I couldn't help viewing her life more intimately than I have any athlete's. I was (and am) a sports columnist for the *Dallas Times Herald*, and Martina was my neighbor and sometimes my friend.

I'm sure I'll never like and dislike, feel happier and sadder for or be more fasci-

Her career almost fell like an iron curtain in the summer of '81. Martina had just lost a Wimbledon semifinal to Czech mate Hana Mandlikova. She had blown the match and her emotions, which exploded like the bomb that hit Centre Court during World War II. Yet that was to be Martina's last Wimbledon loss for 47 straight matches. She would win—boggle, mind—six straight singles titles.

That spring, Martina had met Nancy Lieberman, the Martina of women's basketball and "Lady Magic" of the Dallas Diamonds. Lieberman was all dressed up with no place to play: The Women's Basketball League had just folded. She proposed to take out her competitive frustra-

MARTINA ON THE BRINK

nated and frustrated by any great athlete. Now, after returning from Wimbledon—where I watched Martina, in her words, "pass the torch" to 19-year-old Steffi Graf—these emotions are particularly strong. She faces a critical moment in her career.

Perhaps her 5-7, 6-2, 6-1 loss to Graf—Steffi won 12 of the last 13 games—has shattered Martina's Waterford-crystal confidence for good. Or perhaps, at a young-bodied 32, she'll panic and rededicate herself the way she did in 1981 and win two or three more U.S. Opens and Wimbledons. She's that unpredictably, unbelievably blessed. Or cursed.

Through my eyes, and the clearer visions of some closer to Martina, maybe you can fine-tune your fuzzy picture of this "bisexual Czech defector," her place in sports history and how she is likely to react to the challenge of coming back.

My theory is that, deep down, Martina always has feared she was just one loss away from losing all her wealth and entourage and waking up back in Czechoslovakia. It's as if her American Dream could be just a dream. She has never really trusted her woman-who-has-everything life or herself.

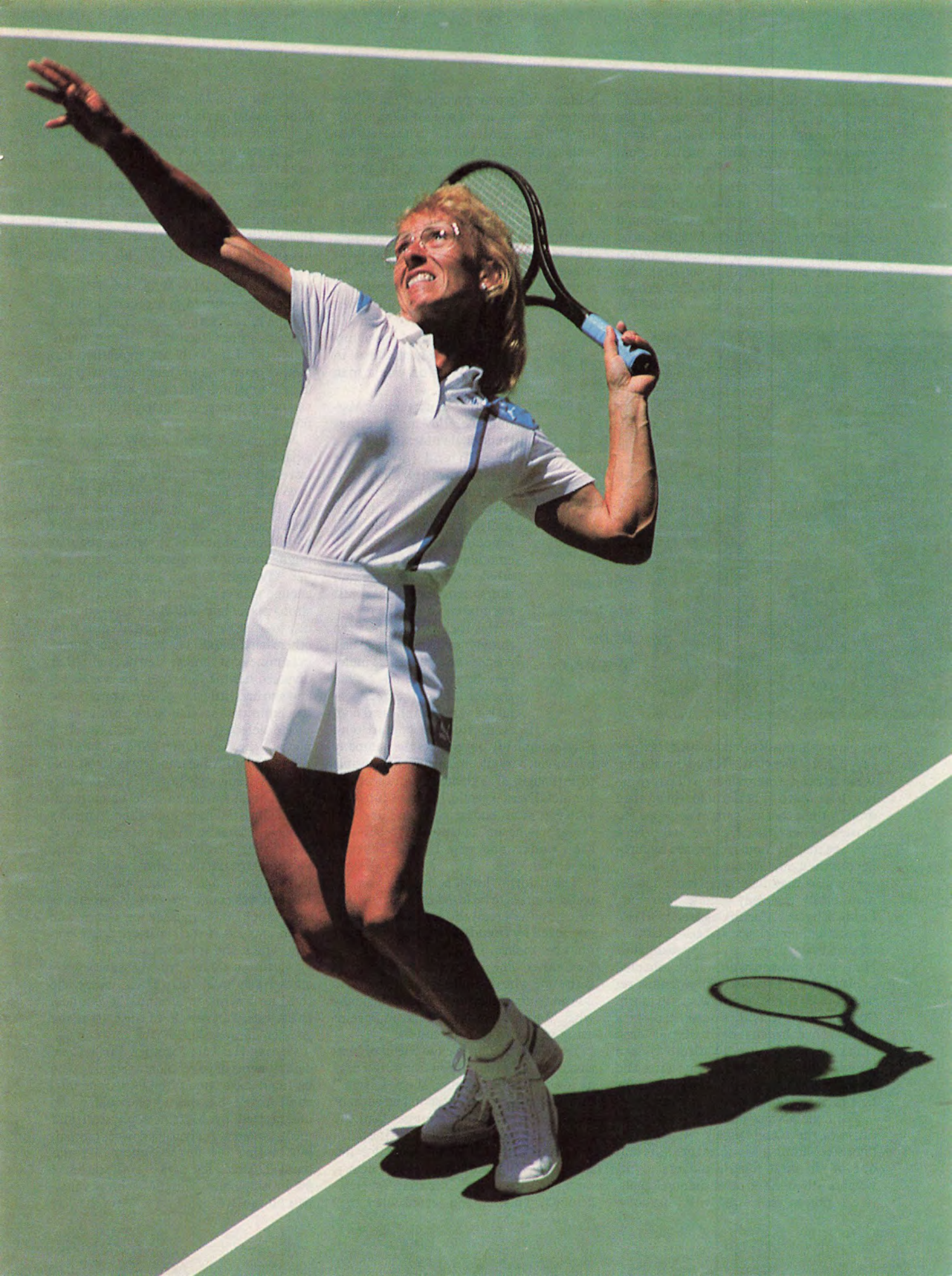
"Maybe someday I'll find a happy ending to all this," she said at Wimbledon.

tion on Martina, who had lost her physical and mental edge through a stormy breakup with lesbian activist and author Rita Mae Brown, with whom Martina had lived in Charlottesville, Virginia.

Lieberman wanted to train Martina—"like creating a Frankenstein," Lieberman says—and Martina agreed to move back to Dallas (where she'd lived before) and share Lieberman's townhouse, which happened to be a few doors from mine. My girlfriend and housemate at the time was the public relations director for the Dallas Diamonds and a close friend of Lieberman's, and she soon became the same to "Tini," as intimates call Martina.

And, as Martina traveled, I often became reluctant dogsitter for Tets, Ruby and K.D., three of the most spoiled yet lovable brats who'll ever lick your face at 5:00 AM. Tets and Ruby are Japanese Shibas; K.D. a sickly miniature fox terrier. These were Martina's "children." Their love may be the lone love Martina has been able to trust.

When I traveled, my girlfriend sometimes picked me up at the airport in Martina's Rolls-Royce Corniche or Porsche 944 Turbo, just for laughs. Martina always had eight or nine cars and seldom drove



any of them. She lavished gifts of diamond jewelry on Lieberman. They were at the Palm Springs condo one day, the Aspen hideaway the next. Paris, then London, then a vacation in the West Indies.

She was so much better than almost any other female player in the world that she could all but glance down the schedule and decide to win \$50,000 here, \$75,000 there, almost year round. Tennis really has no off-season or coastlines the way American baseball or football do. Almost weekly, Martina can pick up an extra \$75,000 or

builders call genetic predisposition. All she had to do was touch a weight to pump up like "Madame Muscles," as the London tabloids called her. You looked at Evert and Tracy Austin, then Martina, and it almost didn't seem fair. Though Martina, at 5-7 and 145 pounds, is four inches shorter and 10 or so pounds lighter than Lieberman, Martina's court aura looms twice that size. The contest physique and jock's strut make her seem on TV like two of Evert or Graf, who is slightly taller. But put an oversized racket in Martina's left hand—she's even menacingly "wrong"-handed—and you're looking across the net at Medusa. Often, in effect, Martina was a man among girls.

All that kept it fair was Martina's Achilles' high heel: her emotional vulnerability. Says an ex-friend (many have passed through her life): "Martina's so emotionally naive. She spent her life concentrating on the physical aspect and she's so needy emotionally that she gives her whole being to the other person so trustingly. She's just been taken advantage of."

Has she? Or has she been through so many housemates, coaches and entourage members because she takes what she needs from them? Martina is a very complicated contradiction: a woman who plays mannishly but prefers the company of women; a fragile intimidator who wants to be thought of as glamorous and sexy like her idol, Evert; a gentle, generous fun lover who can be an endearing friend and cut-throat witch; an "outspoken" rebel who can't understand why I write honestly about her.

The truth, I think, is that all Martina really wants is to be loved by fans (and glorified by the press) the way Chrissie is—and loved by friends for something other than her riches. I'm not sure she'll ever have either. The Martina I've come to like is the one who doesn't play tennis or give 24-carat gifts. An ex-lover says, "You know what Martina says is the most important thing in the world? To cuddle."

Yet at Wimbledon, a close friend of Martina's actually said, "You know, it's easy to love Martina because she's so rich." How attractive would Martina be without \$13 million in career earnings? Will she ever have enough Wimbledon titles?

Even as Martina played Graf for her record breaking ninth Wimbledon victory, many in the crowd impatiently slow-clapped, whistled and jeered what they

perceived to be Martina's stalling tactics. When a mist began to fall, Martina walked quickly to her chair to wipe her glasses. As she returned, she threw a fist at the crowd and yelled, "Shut up, goddammit!"

Martina, who until then called Wimbledon "my" tournament, said she "felt like a Martian out there." She said, "How dare them?" I wouldn't have traded places with her for all the tea in England.

WHEN MARTINA WAS IN GRADE school, she pointed to a geography-book picture of the Empire State Building and told the other Czech kids, "I'm going to be there." Life with her stepfather and mother wasn't happy enough to keep her in her homeland. Martina always knew she was going places—going to the land of the free.

Martina still seems deeply affected by what happened to her grandparents, who lost most of their wealth when Czechoslovakia became a socialist state after World War II. The interview topic Martina still seems most uncomfortable with is her childhood, almost as if talking about it might somehow transport her back into her "Twilight Zone." She was fortunate enough to have a stepfather who was a fine, strong player himself, which exposed Martina to some early teaching and court time others her age didn't have. But she remembers none of it fondly. Her natural father divorced her mother when she was three, and she had little contact with him before he committed suicide four years later.

She defected when she was 18, after playing the U.S. Open. She had lost to Evert, the all-American sex symbol, and Martina desperately began trying to be accepted as an American, an even more talented Chrissie. Evert embodied Martina's American Dream. Evert came from a *Father Knows Best* home-life of two sisters, two brothers and two caring parents. Evert was feminine and a champion. The Ice Maiden was cool in every way. No matter how much makeup Martina wears, she often looks as if she's just cried her eyes out, which she sometimes has.

Martina, a kid in a capitalist candy store, ate her way to Beverly Hills, where she lived for a while at around 170 pounds. Evert says, "I knew from the start if she got her life together, I'd be in trouble."

Getting Her Life Together, Part I, came compliments of golfer Sandra Haynie, who befriended Martina at the 1976 *Superstars* competition. Haynie, 13 years older, was magnetized by Martina's physical and mental powers. Martina had never bowled, but bowled 141 in the *Superstars* right-handed. After a few days of golf, she broke 40 for nine holes. She could throw a football 60 yards, Haynie says. "And the way



ART SEITZ

Martina
at 20:
"I knew," says
Evert,
"if she ever
got her
life together
I'd be
in trouble."

so playing a no-sweat exhibition against, say, Chris Evert in Tokyo or Rome. Wealthy people everywhere will pay royally to have Martina perform for them, then drop by their cocktail party. People are fascinated by her freakish power and private life. She may be more recognized by more people than any athlete since Ali.

She also may have won more money more easily than any athlete. Why her, Lord? Why was Martina blessed with sinewy strength, quickness and athleticism no other female player even approximates? Here was a woman who wasn't ashamed to play macho serve-and-volley tennis, yet who covered the net with a woman's touch. She could bully with finesse, too—kick serves, slice backhands, ballerina drop shots. And she was no dumb bleach blonde: She was fascinated by tactics and opponents' tendencies, which she was the first to scout by computer.

The male players call her The Vein because of the blood vessels wrapped like blue steel around her forearms. She was one of the first female players to lift weights—though she never did it religiously. She simply was blessed with what body-

she picked up the nuances of the language—I don't know what her IQ is, but it's high."

High enough that Martina—so vulnerable, so shrewd—realized Haynie was just the companion she needed. Haynie was the Father Figure. Still a hustling entrepreneur in Dallas—arthritis hampered her golf career—Haynie taught Martina life in America. How to invest, get things done, say no. Martina shared a house in North Dallas with Haynie, who's from Dallas. Haynie says Dallas "felt homey" to Martina, who was forever in search of one.

Nouveau-riche Dallasites, who had struck oil with the Cowboys, eagerly threw an arm around "our" Martina in 1978. Shrewdly, she embraced the Cowboys as "my team." America's Team. Perfect.

I even love the Cowboys.

Once Martina had learned the ropes from Haynie, she left "home" again. I'm told, though, Martina generously supported Haynie, who has struggled financially. And into the fast lane Martina drove her Porsche. Rita Mae Brown, I gather, taught Martina some things mother didn't. Some things about uncensored passion and the American lifestyle of the rich and famous. The relationship, inevitably, flamed out. And so, nearly, did Martina's career.

Getting Her Life Together II came with the aid of Lieberman, the red haired, blue-eyed, Jewish street-ball player from New York. Lieberman was the Sister Figure, the best buddy Martina never had. Martina bought an arcade-size Pac-Man video game, and they went at it for hours. They giggled and fought like 14 year olds playing with very expensive toys.

Here were two women who shared the feeling of being the best in their respective sports—two who could act as silly as they wanted in that heavily alarmed townhouse on Kessler Court. Lieberman says, "I know a lot of people think she can be arrogant. I've seen that I-don't-want-to-be-bothered side in public. But just sitting around the house, she can be so humble, so grateful, so nice, so normal."

Normal? Martina, whose life had been one long episode of TV's *Dallas*, written by Stanley Kubrick? That summer, our complex became Martina's sweatbox sanctuary. She realized she needed Lieberman to push her back into invincible shape and help fight the battles Martina had started.

Martina had talked off the record with a *New York Daily News* reporter about her sexual preference. He was under the impression she would talk for publication when her U.S. citizenship was granted. The day it was—in July of '81—the reporter called Martina in Monte Carlo. She said she couldn't tell all, that it would cost her

too many endorsement contracts. He said they had a deal.

The *News* went with the story. Lieberman went to me, asking if I'd let her and Martina "set the record straight" in my column. Lieberman, as Martina knew, was Evert's equal as a media manipulator—highly quotable but calculated. I let them speak through my column, warning readers to "draw your own conclusion." Martina told me she didn't want to "implicate" her housemate, Lieberman. Martina said, "I like men. I guess I'm bi[sexual]. I just have a better time with women—straight or gay—because I don't have to go to bed with them." Women, she said, make more patient, gentle, caring lovers. Nearly everything a male date said or did, she said, was geared toward getting her in bed. In fact, I've known several male athletes obsessed with doing just that—taming the wild beast. Once, Too Tall Jones of Martina's Cowboys passed her a note at a public appearance. I don't think she was flattered.

Martina said later that her admission of bisexuality didn't "really" cost her any endorsement contracts. Yet Lieberman notes that "Martina's deals are really just tied to how awesome she is as a player," not to her looks or image. Ironically, America shrugged at her confession. The general reaction seemed to be "What else can you expect from a communist defector who plays like a man?"

Crisis averted, Lieberman turned Martina back into a killer tennis player. They ran circles around the complex, beat balls against the fence, jocked out. Lieberman even taught Martina to hate Chrissie, refusing to allow Martina even to say hello to her idol. Martina's rivals branded Lieberman "Agent Orange" and rolled their eyes at a "freak show" entourage that also featured transsexual Renee Richards as technical coach.

But Nancy Lieberman was precisely what Martina needed. Martina's next three years were probably the most dominant in tennis history—eight Grand Slam victories in 12 tries. She seemed so content, so dependent on Lieberman's friendship.

That's why I was so surprised when Martina tired of Lieberman—not vice versa—and ended the relationship.

GETTING HER LIFE TOGETHER III meant it was time to settle down and have a family. Judy Nelson was, in effect, the Perfect Wife. A former Fort Worth beau-

ty queen with two teenage sons, Nelson met Martina while working as a volunteer at the tour stop in Fort Worth. Judy split with her husband, a local doctor, and she and Martina eventually moved into a new home in Fort Worth, which they occasionally share with Judy's sons and (yes) parents. Mom cooks; dad mans the ever-ringing phone. The entourage—Martina insists reporters call it a "support group" or "coterie"—continues to evolve. Always a new dietician, chiropractor, psychologist and various go-fors and dogsitters. It took two flats at Wimbledon to house Martina's very extended family.

Since Renee Richards, Martina has split with three more coaches, settling for the moment on Tim Gullikson, though she wishes he'd "push me harder." Look for another coaching change soon from the woman who makes George Steinbrenner seem like Tom Landry's boss. One ex-coach says, "She just finally drove me nuts with all her moods and crises and insecurity."

Lieberman says she wouldn't mind rejoining Team Navratilova and running another Camp Nancy. "There have been some discussions," Lieberman says, "but

Lieberman (left, next to Renee Richards): "Agent Orange" taught Martina to hate Chrissie.



I just don't think it will work out." Lieberman spent the last year touring with the Globetrotters' nightly losers, the Generals, and last May married a teammate on the Generals, Tim Cline.

Before Martina left for the French Open and Wimbledon, Lieberman drove to Fort Worth to work out with Martina for the first time since they split. Lieberman says she loves Judy—everyone seems to. "One of the nicest, most secure people I've ever met," Lieberman says. But she doesn't like what has happened to Martina the robo-



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jock, who complained at Wimbledon that her legs were tired and sore.

"In my humble opinion," Lieberman says, "Martina is relying on too many outside sources to give her the confidence for the work she's not doing. Martina in her heart doesn't believe in herself because she hasn't recently paid the price."

Too many yes-women? Lieberman: "I tried to explain to her and Judy that if you keep up this pace, you'll sit at home in Aspen [where they are building a \$5 million home on 120 acres] and say, 'Hey, I had two or three good years left.' Martina is not self-motivated. To a point, she is. But when she really trains, she's awesome. When she doesn't, her confidence is the most fragile thing I've ever seen."

Even before Wimbledon, Lieberman had "a bad feeling" Martina would lose and that "it will be the most devastating loss of her career." Lieberman feared Martina would lose to Evert, which she nearly did in the semifinal, surviving 6-1, 4-6, 7-5, on a controversial line call.

Lieberman: "Chris hated me, but [Martina's anti-Chrissie drive] was the best thing that ever happened to Martina. Chris is one of the shrewdest people I know at manipulating others, and it was like, 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.' They became friends again; Martina got soft. I'm as tough mentally as Chris, and she knew [before] that she couldn't take advantage of Martina."

After losing to Martina—in perhaps her final Wimbledon tennis match—a smoldering Evert suddenly didn't sound like such a friendly rival. "I kept hanging in because I think Martina is a little fragile," she said. "I'd beaten her twice and seen her crumble both times. I hear her talk about being confident and I don't think she is confident..."

Yet sometimes you wonder if Martina hasn't occasionally taken it easy on Chris because their classic 78-match rivalry benefits both. The Czech defector vs. the American princess will continue selling exhibition tickets as long as both can walk. What social security for a Martina who never wants to awaken back in Prague.

The night Graf devastated her, Martina turned suddenly into an uncharacteristically gracious loser. It appeared she wanted to be Steffi's friendly rival the way she had let Chrissie be hers. She immediately gave Steffi the diamond good-luck pendant given Martina by Sugar Ray Leonard. She offered Steffi, who didn't have a dress for the champion's ball, one of hers. With 33-year-old Chrissie fading gracefully into domestic immortality—Evert says she wants children soon—Martina perhaps wants to "soften" the new Martina the way Chris had softened the old one.

The next day, Steffi's father/coach, Peter, said that, yes, Martina had tried to become Steffi's friend by calling her occasionally but that his daughter wasn't interested. Peter Graf said, "She doesn't approve of Martina's lifestyle."

Martina even said she might retire before next Wimbledon. "I'll have to see how the old body feels," she said. She'll play the U.S. Open, though not just "to stop Steffi from winning the Grand Slam."

But I'm sure Martina will return to Wimbledon, with a vengeance. She'll ask

Really, only by erecting tennis monuments can Martina make people "love" her.



CARYN LEVY

that mirror, mirror on the wall who's the fairest of them all, and instead of Chrissie, it will say Steffi. Martina will realize she was up a set and two-love on Graf before her legs and confidence began giving out.

And she'll be back, chasing Margaret Court's record of 66 Grand Slam titles. Martina has 50. Really, only by erecting tennis monuments can she make people "love" her.

BUD COLLINS, NBC'S TENNIS ANALYST, says Martina is simply "the best ever." Yet that may never be quite enough for her.

Rex Bellamy of the *London Times*, perhaps the world's most respected tennis journalist, writes: "It is often said, usually in a disparaging way, that Navratilova 'plays like a man.' What is wrong with that? Nature endowed her with an unusually strong and athletic physique and... she has exploited that advantage by disciplined dieting, training and practice." Yet Martina fears she'll never be remembered as fondly as Chrissie. She rages when American writers say American tennis has gone to the dogs—without even mentioning Martina, a naturalized American and still

America's best player. *She's an American, dammit.*

A member of her entourage said at Wimbledon, "The grind and spotlight are getting to Martina. One side of her always wanted to be obscure and happy. In Aspen everyone is rich and no one will bother her. She gets tired of being a prima donna."

Yet can Martina be happy without being one? Without the spotlight? Not yet. Maybe never. Billie Jean King, who played on the tour until she was 39, scoffs that "You lose about 10 percent between [ages]

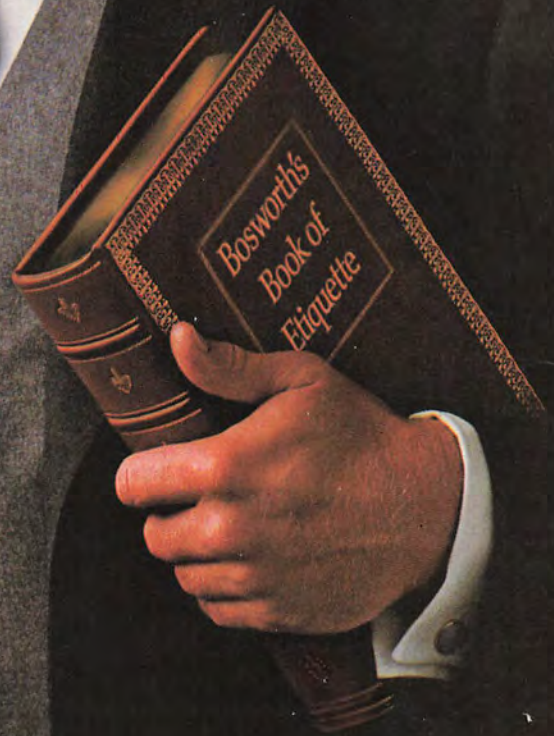
30 and 40, which means Martina still will be better than a lot of the players in the draw." Merrett Stierheim, Women's International Tennis Association director, says purses could rise 40 percent next year and perhaps another 40 percent the next.

No, Martina will be back. She'll remember that just before Wimbledon she thought Graf was "ducking" her to remain No. 1 on the computer. Martina will realize that on experience alone she is now no worse than Steffi's equal. And she'll panic and hire a new coach or another spiritual guru or maybe even pay Lieberman to retrain her. It won't be just because of the money or even because of what she can still accomplish. It's something else. I won't be surprised—merely saddened—if Martina keeps coming back until she's 40, when she'll probably start a seniors tour. She needs tennis too much. She's a filthy rich American only because of tennis.

With it she's loved. Without it she's nothing but a very likable woman. ★

Skip Bayless wrote "Backstage at Wimbledon" in the July '87 SPORT.

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SWEAT

BY MICHAEL YESSIS, Ph.D.

WHILE 140 NATIONS WERE represented at the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles, the Soviet Union wasn't—nor were most of its Eastern Bloc allies. So a huge, nagging question remains to this day: Were the American athletes *really* that good?

In short, no. Just after the '84 Games, you might recall, the Soviets staged their own "alternative" competition, the Friendship '84 Games, in Moscow and elsewhere. In track and field, the Soviets outperformed the Western athletes in 28 of 41 events; in every distance event, the Friendship winner was faster than the Olympic gold medalist.

The bad news didn't stop there for U.S. sports fans. Swimmers from the West flopped compared to their Eastern brethren. Five world records were broken in the Friendship Games, and 40 swimmers there eclipsed the times that won gold or silver in '84.

For the past 25 years, I have studied Soviet sports theory, research and training as intensively as anyone in the West, and it seems clear to me that the U.S.S.R.'s success lies with its sophisticated system of training athletes. Here are a few Soviet training methods I've found to be especially effective.

Periodization. A major reason for the excellent conditioning of athletes in the U.S.S.R. is the unique way in which their training program is structured. Under their periodization system, each athlete's yearly conditioning plan is broken down into four distinct stages: 1) the general preparatory period; 2) the specialized preparatory period; 3) the competitive period; and 4) the transitional or postcompetitive period.

Periodization, though rarely practiced outside the Eastern Bloc, is not new. Its origins date back two to three decades. In it, very young athletes—still five, 10 or even 15 years away from Olym-

pic-level competition—are placed on a multiyear program aimed at optimum development of their potential. (It has been calculated, for example, that it takes between nine and 12 years to develop a top volleyball player, who will peak between the ages of 23 and 27.)

Each year of an athlete's training "saga," then, is periodized into monthly and sometimes weekly cycles. Parts of the cycle can be shortened, if necessary, to

Having worked on this and other flaws of isometric training, the Soviets have developed a technique that builds strength through the entire range of motion of a joint. Since this new approach involves movement as well as moments of remaining still, I have coined it "dynamic isometrics."

In the weight room, it requires very slow movement using below-maximum levels of weight

For instance, they might do leg squats with fast upward motion, walk-leap lunges and bench step-ups with the thigh parallel to the ground to develop strength and power and to stimulate starting leg action. Plyometrics, a Soviet technique of power-jumping/training that many U.S. trainers have embraced, would be a good place to start.

The key to explosiveness training lies in the stretching and tens-

WHAT DO SOVIET TRAINERS KNOW THAT WE DON'T?



WILL HART

prepare for, say, an indoor and an outdoor track and field season.

Dynamic Isometrics. Those famed isometric exercises you first heard so much about in the Sixties have grown up, Soviet style. By flexing a muscle against a stationary object or another muscle, there is no movement at all at the joints. As this flexing occurs, the muscle fibers contract and attain more strength than before.

But there are injury concerns with isometrics, especially when athletes hold certain isometric positions for more than six seconds with maximum contraction. Too much stress can be placed on the muscles, ligaments and tendons.

(60 to 70 percent of maximum), punctuated by brief periods of holding at critical positions. Not only do the weights provide resistance, but gravity plays a role as the weights are lowered. Football, basketball and baseball players in the U.S. could employ sequences of dynamic isometric exercises, from weightlifting to squats, in search of newfound power. Track and field athletes could better their routines as well.

Explosiveness. Though American football does not exist in the U.S.S.R., football players here could incorporate Soviet techniques, especially as they apply to explosiveness.

ing of the muscle prior to its contraction. The faster the stretch or the greater the amount of muscle tension, the greater the explosive power displayed. The Soviets have developed an exercise in which an athlete jumps off a raised platform, then holds his landing position—essentially stopping on a dime as soon as he hits the ground. These are called altitude jumps; they've taken Soviet stars to new heights. ★

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GAMES

FANTASY FOOTBALL: TIPS FOR WINNING

Fantasy league football has become almost as popular as fantasy league baseball. Below, Cliff Charpentier, the author of 1988 Fantasy Football Digest, published by Lerner Publications Company, offers a primer on the fantasy game and some guidelines on how to set up a league of your own.

Fantasy football is a statistical game. But unlike "roisserie" baseball, owners meet in head-to-head games each weekend. As in the real thing, franchise standings are determined by the outcome of each weekend's matchup.

Leagues are set up much like fantasy baseball leagues: They can be started any time through September and include four to 16 franchises; a commissioner; a draft day; and transactions throughout the season. Each team consists of one quarterback, two running backs, two wide re-

ceivers, one tight end (or three receivers) and one kicker. The big difference from fantasy baseball is the system of competition: head-to-head, franchise-against-franchise contests each weekend. **Playing.** Though there are many variations of fantasy football—one involves points awarded for yardage stats or varying points for the greater length of touchdown—the predominant method of scoring is as follows: six points awarded for any touchdown scored by any member of a fantasy team crossing the goal line; three points for any touchdown

pass thrown; three points for all successful field goal attempts by a kicker; one point for extra points kicked. Winning and losing is determined by how players do in actual NFL action.

Drafting Success. Once a paper gridiron has been developed, how do you continue to inflate your ego by becoming a

stands out, but also the likes of Dave Krieg and Joe Montana must be considered. Next would be the signal-callers who will have a shot at throwing in the 25 to 30 touchdown range. Boomer Esiason, Neil Lomax or Randall Cunningham all come to mind.

Don't give much consideration to rookies. This is especially true for QBs. Most teams seem to be content to have them watch from the sidelines.

Six-Point Players First. First round fantasy picks should be six-point

players. That is, the running back or the wide receiver who can get you six points for his touchdown efforts, compared to the three points QBs can get. In fact, the only quarterback usually considered as a first round selection is Dan Marino. But Marino, throwing 40 touchdown passes in two of the last four seasons, is in a quarterback category all his own.

Herschel Walker, Jerry Rice, Charles White, Eric Dickerson and Curt Warner could each very well score 15 or more touchdowns in 1988, so they get top billing for first round draft picks. Normally, I wouldn't throw in a wide receiver this high, but Rice is an exception.

Duos Can Make the Difference. Many fantasy football franchise owners grab a quarterback/wide receiver combination. This strategy can and has paid off. Every time your quarterback throws a touchdown pass to your wide receiver you get nine points. If they link up twice it's a quick 18 points.

Some good combos: Marino/Clayton or Duper; Esiason/Eddie Brown or Cris Collinsworth; Cunningham/Mike Quick; Montana/Rice.

What Works for Me. My fantasy drafting strategy is usually con-

sistent, nothing fancy. I'll start with an RB, with the exception of maybe a Jerry Rice or Mike Quick if I draft down in the latter part of the round.

My second round selection can go in two directions. If a number of the good quarterbacks have already been chosen I may panic by grabbing a quarterback. But my preference would be to hold out until the third round for my quarterback and grab another solid six-point player.

In the third round, definitely a quarterback, or if I already own one I'll grab the best six-point player left. By the end of the fourth round I would hope to have captured a QB/WR nine-point combo. Entering rounds five through eight, my goal is to have at least one player from each of the seven starting positions. Then in rounds nine through 12, I keep my eyes open for missed opportunities.

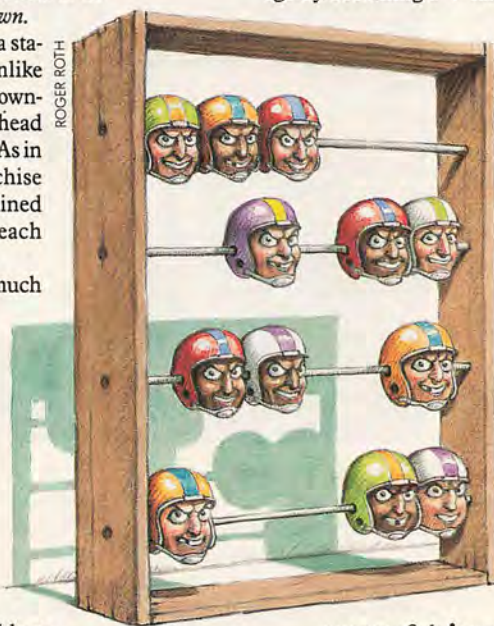
Having played both fantasy baseball and football, I like football. It's a little more exciting. And playing it this way, you don't get hurt. Physically anyway.

APPAREL

SUITING UP IN STYLE

The field is white. The last weather report predicts a downward spike in the windchill factor. The howling north wind pierces your innards. If you don't drink your hot chocolate soon you're going to have to take a bite out of it.

Welcome to football weather, midwinter-style, the kind that is still served up in Denver, Green Bay, Cleveland, Buffalo, New Jersey and New England in the dog days of November and December. It's the kind of weather that inspired the first drawings of the



ROGER ROTH

successful

fantasy football franchise owner? Some hints: *Cut those hometown strings.* A mistake many beginning owners make is to latch onto hometown favorites. My suggestion is to *totally avoid local talent.* Sounds drastic, but if you're from Pittsburgh, can you really trust yourself not to draft Louis Lipps even though he's been injured prone and hasn't had a productive season in the last two?

Looked at objectively, the quarterback choices you should be looking for are, first, the ones who can throw for over 30 touchdowns. Dan Marino always

Minnesota Metrodome.

Instead, you sit here at the open end of the stadium, looking like an inflatable schlub, *paying* \$18 to freeze your butt off. The least you could do is dress a little smarter and look stylish, even chic, in the process.

Here are some tips to avoid both frostbite and snickers from your fellow fans.



ALLSPORT/DANE BLACK

Watching football in the stands can not only be hazardous to your health, but to your wardrobe.

- The layered look. You know, the turtleneck sweater, light jacket and storm coat or parka. An aside to the sentimental: Here's one way to get away with wearing your 12-year-old torn college sweatshirt.

- Pay attention to the extremities. Once your feet and hands start to go frigid you're headed for trouble. Insulated gloves are a must. So are waterproof hiking boots, with a couple pair of socks for insulation. Don't worry, you can stay warm and still look like you're off for a weekend in the Adirondacks.

- Remember, watching a football game isn't like cross-country skiing or jogging. Tony Dorsett and Phil Simms may produce enough of a sweat running and throwing the football, but standing up for the National Anthem and booing the refs don't exactly qualify as exercise. Those Gore-Tex jogging pants that retain your body heat while keeping out the moisture are just thin layers when you're not working up a sweat.

Fashion and staying warm can go hand-in-glove. Ken Bauer, general manager of the Brooks Brothers store in Denver, recommends the Brooks Brothers' Great Coat, a heavyweight gabardine coat with an alpaca fur lining, belted at the waist, with a large collar that's easily turned

up (\$385). "No," says Bauer, "it doesn't come in orange."

Adidas offers in its "sleek, sophisticated and subtle" Holiday '88 line the Trans-Polar suede (\$275) and Airlock woven-poplin (\$90) jackets—warm and trendy. Burlington PrimaSport offers its two-layer skiing socks (\$8.50) for zero-degree weather. And Duofold checks in with its "high performance underwear" (\$21-40).

David Cabin, floor supervisor for the Eastern Mountain Sports store just outside Buffalo, suggests a complete outfit for the fashion-minded football fan battling the winter weather.

Start with Patagonia's expedition-weight thermal underwear, both top and bottom. Then Woolrich wool

trousers and Gore-Tex pants. For the top, a Lifa polypropylene turtleneck, topped by a Synchilla Snap T-Neck pullover and an EMS Gore-Tex down Yeti (parka). A Synchilla ski cap and Thinsulate gloves with a Gore-Tex shell round out the outfit. Total price: about \$400.

"That's going to be one hot setup," says Cabin, who's a Bills fan, a hunter and a trapper. "You could probably watch a football game in the Arctic Circle with that outfit." And if you live in Minnesota just ask them to turn up the air. —Gene Warner

PLAY EVERYMAN LEAGUES: A CALL TO ACTION

On Sunday afternoons, from the pleasant confines of his living room, the Armchair Quarterback barks out plays and directions, cringes as if his team's every mistake was his very own and swears he could do a better job on the field. But after this tirade, the AQ mows the lawn and settles in for a long nap.

But, like summer softball

leagues for diehard baseball fans, there are playing alternatives for the football freak. We're talking more than just gathering some pals for a friendly game of touch: We're talking full pads, full contact, full impact football.

Semi-pro football teams, which are actually older than pro football, used to serve as a feeder system for the NFL in the Fifties and Sixties. When the NFL and AFL merged, the informal affiliation between pro and semi-pro leagues was abolished. Today more than 10,000 players (the average age is 26) on over 200 teams play a full schedule of games from the end of July until Thanksgiving. Teams across the country are ranked in terms of three strength classes, the best players competing on A teams;

positive. It's a good balance."

Kurt Kampendahl has played defensive tackle for six franchises in his 17 years of semi-pro ball. The 38-year-old AT&T marketing support specialist originally discovered the semi-pro game through a newspaper ad announcing a local training camp. He has played in five national championship games this decade. "I never had any idea of how long I'd play," says Kampendahl, who currently lines up for the A-level Racine (Wisconsin) Raiders.

Although a few franchises have budgets up to \$200,000, the conditions for most semi-pro players compared to the pros are not, well, the same. Semi-pro players don't get paid. Most semi-pro teams ask players to supply their own equipment. Players drive at

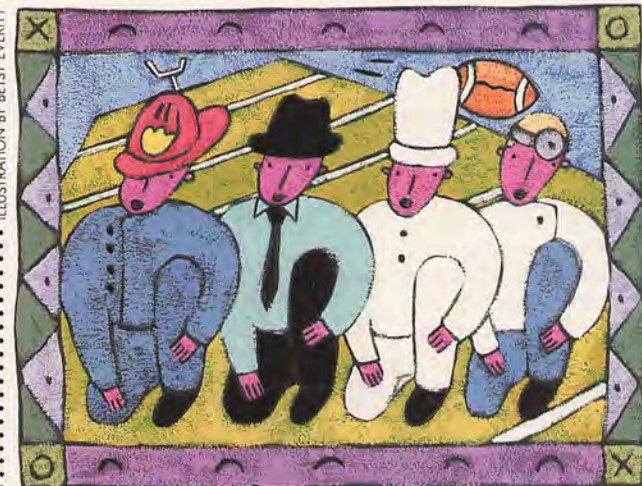


ILLUSTRATION BY BETSY EVERITT

for the least experienced, there are C-level teams run by city park and recreation departments.

"The rule of thumb is the guy who can't get football out of his mind," says Ron Real, president of the American Football Association, the national organizing body which oversees semi-pro leagues. "He's married with a job and kids. We get guys from all walks of life—doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs."

A second year defensive end for the A-level team in Pueblo, Colorado, Mike DeRose moonlights during the week as a children's dentist. DeRose views semi-pro football as the perfect complement to his regular profession.

"I work with little tiny kids and you have to be gentle," says the 31-year-old DeRose. "On the football field it's just the op-

their own expense to games, sometimes two to three hours. Practices are generally held twice a week, in addition to the weekly game. Due to rising premiums, most teams do not supply insurance for individual players. AFA president Real estimates that 85 percent of all semi-pro players are insured by the benefits of their daytime employment.

Today, semi-pro football is booming, especially in the Northeast and Midwest areas. In its ninth year the AFA has developed a national playoff system and championship game and prints its own tabloid newspaper.

For information about semi-pro teams in your area of the country, call Ron Real of the American Football Association at (312) 279-4808.

—Stefanie Krasnow

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All entrants who submit 13 correct answers will win a prize from Seagram's V.O. Details are below.

1 The man pictured here is not from outer space. In fact he is a member of the College Football Hall of Fame. Name him and the team he played for when this photo was taken.

2 Aficionados of James Bond films will fondly recall the evil Oriental character Oddjob, who wore a black derby with a razor-sharp brim. Oddjob was played by a former Olympic medalist. Name him, the event and the year in which he took home his precious metal.

3 At the Munich Olympics in 1972, a 19 year old Soviet gymnast won three individual medals including a gold in the All-Around competition. Which gymnast was it?
a. Olga Korbut
b. Vera Caslavskia
c. Nadia Comaneci
d. Lyudmila Tourischeva

4 Two players in NCAA Division I-A football history have rushed for 1,000 or more yards in each of their four varsity seasons. Name them.

5 The game-winning RBI became an official, if dubious, major league statistic in 1980. Name the player who was credited with the first regular-season GWRBI.

6 An active major league hurler has been charged



GEORGE HEUER

ed up racing against horses, dogs and motorcycles before eventually earning a living as a "professional good example."

9 An active NFL player holds the NCAA Division I-A record for most rushing yards in one game (357). Name him.

10 Match the noted politician with the school for whom he played football:
a. Gerry Ford 1. Eureka
b. Ron Reagan 2. Whittier
c. Herb Hoover 3. Michigan
d. Dick Nixon 4. Stanford

11 Which boxer was the first in Olympic history to win a gold medal in the heavy-weight class?
a. Laszlo Papp
b. Cassius Clay
c. Henry Tillman
d. Ingemar Johansson

12 All but one of the following sports enjoyed brief moments of glory as Olympic events before they were retired to the storage shed of sports history. Which sport is still awaiting its ascension to the Olympic stage?
a. tug-of-war
b. sack racing
c. croquet
d. cricket

13 "I hate all sports as rabidly as a person who likes sports hates common sense." Who said it?
a. Howard Cosell
b. H.L. Mencken
c. Avery Brundage
d. Groucho Marx

with more defeats in league championship play (seven) than any other pitcher in major league history. Name this moundsman.

7 One of the most memorable moments of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics occurred during the running of the women's 3,000 meters when

Great Britain's Zola Budd accidentally tripped Mary Decker of the United States. Who eventually won that race?

8 Most Olympic champions now enjoy a fleeting moment of fame and fortune after the flame is extinguished. Name the famous Olympian who end-

THE TIEBREAKER

Stump us with a question about sports. Make it concise and clever and include the answer. Stumpers will be evaluated on their creativity and difficulty. One winner will be chosen. Only stumpers from contestants who compile a perfect score on all questions will be considered. The winning stumper will appear in a subsequent quiz.

All respondents of legal drinking age who answer the entire quiz correctly will receive a Seagram's V.O. football jersey. Answers must be received by SPORT no later than September 23. The winner and tiebreaking entry (if necessary) will be announced in our December issue. Send answers, including your age, to SPORT Magazine, P.O. Box 79, Los Angeles, California 90078. Winner must be of legal drinking age. Answer to last month's Stumper (At the start of this season, only one active major league player could say that he was a former teammate of Roberto Clemente. Who is this fellow?): Gene Garber.

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WIDE RECEIVER, SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS



MICHAEL ZAGARIS

STATS

Age 24...6-4, 208. Eleventh-round draft pick (Grambling) in '87. Placed on IR last season with hand injury. Spent year practicing with scout team and learning playbook. Averaged 17.8 yards per catch at Grambling.

HOME BASE

Born and raised in Baton Rouge. Youngest of nine children. Worked on construction sites at school, including new football

stadium. Graduated with major in computer science. Owns 12-speed Kabuki bicycle; hopes to ride across country.

EYEWITNESSES

"Calvin can do one thing consistently—he can catch the ball," says former 49ers scout Mike Lombardi, now with the Browns. Grambling receivers coach Eddie Robinson Jr. says, "His main aspect is his strength—he was one of the best blocking split ends we've had here."

BIG BREAK

As sophomore defensive back was asked by coach Eddie Robinson to switch to offense. In first start as wideout—on the opening day of the stadium he helped build—caught school record 91-yard TD.

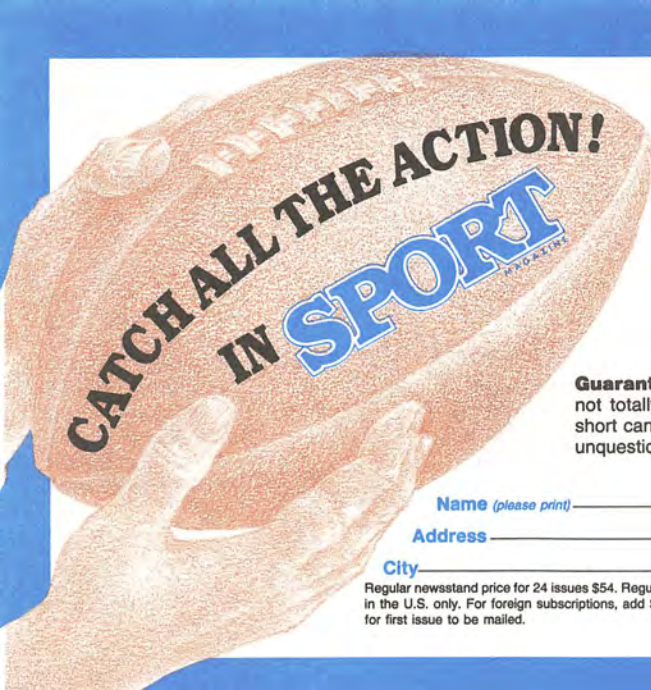
PROSPECTS

Surehanded possession receiver. Drafted low because of injuries, but projected as next Dwight Clark. Big but very raw; 49ers'

trades for veteran wideouts in offseason make strong preseason mandatory. Organization tends to keep promising project. Value around league high with year under Bill Walsh behind him.

WORST DAY

Shot twice in abdomen with .357 Magnum attempting to break up fight in '81. Was sidelined for season. Suspect now in jail for attempted murder. "You don't worry about anything once you've been shot," he says.



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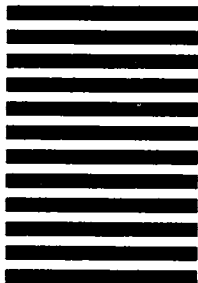
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